# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

{ CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE. }

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1851. WHOLE NO. 1581.

## Original Poetry.

### THE FADED ONE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

There's deep-worn furrows on that cheek
  Of sorrow and of tears,
And lines upon that once fair brow,
  Not pencil'd there by years—
And yet few Summers hath she seen,
  Since girlhood's gleesome hours,
When she was call'd our village queen,
  Our Rose among the flowers.
And now her eye is sunk and dim,
  Her face all worn and old—
Her lip is pale—her once gay laugh
  All spiritless and cold.

Fate hath not cast her idols down
  With stern, relentless will,
Parents and kindred, friends and home,
  Glad her lone spirit still.
Wealth strews her onward path with flowers
  Of beauty, day by day;
Life's holiest cares and dearest ties
  Have bound her all the way.
The sacred name of mother, thrills
  With rapturous joy her heart;
And wife, oh! oft that holy word
  Has made her pulses start.
And yet her eye is sunk and dim,
  Her face is worn and old—
The smile that plays upon her lip,
  All spiritless and cold.

You ask the why? A common tale
  It is of common life,
There is no real sympathy
  Between the man and wife.
His years would twice have numbered hers,
  And still her father smiled,
The world said 'twas a goodly match,
  For such an artless child.
Her mother's heart beat high with pride,
  (His was an honor'd name.)
She sold her loved, her only child,
  For fortune and for fame.
Aye—sold that young and guileless heart
  To one all stern and cold,
And chained her free young spirit down
  With glittering links of gold.

She loves the flowers, he loves them not—
  The birds that charm her ear,
For him wake discord; his cold thoughts
  Fill all her soul with fear.
The glad free laugh he seemed to love,
  When she was not his own—
Soon grew beneath his stern rebuke
  An almost wailing moan.
The harpstrings of her inner life,
  So tuned to happiness,
A gentle finger might have play'd
  And brought forth strains of bliss;
But on those strings, from day to day,
  Discordant notes he plays,
And wonders that they give him back
  Such dull unmeaning lays.
Oh! had a warm and loving hand
  Those quivering strings have played,
It might, through all life's weary years,
  Sweet harmonies have made.

But now each key and chord is jarred
  With every passing hour,
Till the whole instrument is marred
  By discord's withering power.
This is the why her eye is dim,
  Her face so worn and old,
Her lip so pale, her once gay laugh
  So spiritless and cold.

* * * * *

All ye who read this simple tale,
  Pause ere it be too late;
Better to live through life unwed,
  Than tempt so dire a fate.
Love, only love, can keep the chain
  Of hymen bright and fair;
Without it, every link must be
  Corroded with despair.
No sadder, lonelier, harder lot,
  For human hearts can be,
Than thus to live a wedded life,
  Unblest by sympathy.

*Mount Airy, Nov. 1, 1851.*

## Original Novelet.

### THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER:

OR,

### THE CHILDREN OF THE ISLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "SHANNONDALE," "THE DESERTED WIFE," &c., &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

#### CHAPTER VIII.

THE MOTHER'S TRIAL.

Yet haply there will come a weary day,
  When overtasked at length,
Both Love and Hope beneath the weight give way;
  Then with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,
Stands the mute sister, Patience, nothing loth,
  And both supporting does the work of both.
*Coleridge.*

I hope that you have not forgotten the order of time, in the long, retrospective episode, into which I have been led.

It is now twelve years since the marriage of Alice Chester and General Garnet, and six months since the departure of Hugh Hutton and Agnes upon their sea-voyage.

General Garnet is absent on an electioneering tour, but daily expected back.

It is June, and the scene is the terrace, in front of Mount Calm. There are four persons upon the terrace.

Alice occupies a rustic seat, under the shadow of a locust tree. She is still a most beautiful woman, very delicate, almost sylph-like, with her fair, blonde beauty, and airy, white muslin wrapper. She is calmly pursuing a piece of fine, white, knotting-work—that favorite, busy idleness of all Maryland ladies. At her feet is a very small basket, containing her keys, and the ball of lamb's wool yarn, from which she knits. Near her stands a young, mulatto hand-maid, of about ten years of age.

Lower down, upon a step of the terrace, sits her daughter Alice, or Elsie, as she was called, for distinction sake. Elsie is now a very beautiful child, promising to be much more beautiful than her mother had ever been. She strangely united the most beautiful features of both parents. She had the delicate, Grecian features, fair, roseate complexion, golden hair, and blue eyes of her mother, with the passionate, veiled gaze, and bewildering smile of her father. She has a finer vital and sanguine temperament than either could have possessed—a more rounded form, more elastic motion, a more joyous expression, a more gladsome cadence in her speech, and in her laughter! Elsie sat sketching an elm tree from nature—the tree stood before her at some distance on the lawn. She was bending over her drawing-board, that rested on her lap, until her fair ringlets almost concealed her rosy cheeks. She also wore a simple, white muslin dress, that harmonized well with her blooming beauty. Behind her, bending over her, stood a youth of sixteen, but for height, for breadth of shoulders, and depth of chest, and manly and [illegible]tic proportions generally, he might have [illegible] for twenty years of age. He was a [illegible] very handsome [illegible] boy, with bright, chestnut hair waving around a [illegible] brow, and relieving and beautifying its heavy strength, gracefully as foliage shades rock. He seemed to have just returned from gunning, for he wore a dress of forest green, his cap lay at his feet, his pointers were near, and one hand rested upon a fowling-piece, while with the other, he pointed alternately to the elm tree and the drawing, giving Elsie some instruction in her work. His dark, gray eyes, full of thought, truth and affection, were fixed upon her.

And while they pursued their work, Alice, from her rustic seat, watched them. Alice, looking as serenely happy, as though her heart had never been broken, her brain never been crazed—by calamity, anguish and despair, verging upon madness—as healthful, amiable, and self-possessed, as though she had never sworn, in her frenzy, that she could not survive the severance from Sinclair—that neither moral, intellectual, nor physical nature could stand the test—the misery of a life with Garnet.

But Divine Providence is kind, and nature is full of remedial power. We have all strength given us according to our need. If our joys are greater in anticipation than in realization, so certainly are our sorrows.

Alice, in the terrible storm of passion that had temporarily dethroned her reason, believed that she could not outlive her marriage—yet she had lived twelve years, and was comparatively happy—possibly happier than many a girl who had married for love, or its semblance.

It is true, that from the hour she awoke from the strange torpor that immediately followed her marriage, her religious principles had taught her to turn from the memory of Sinclair, whenever that memory recurred. She prayed against it, strove against it, wrenched her thoughts forcibly from it, and rivetted them to something else. And her prayers and struggles had produced this happy effect—the image of Sinclair had faded away with the brightest visions of her girlhood. And now that that typhoon of youthful passion had long passed, and even its memory had almost faded away—her genial, affectionate, religious nature made her happy. With such a nature, Alice could not live without forming attachments to those around her. He must have been a terrible brute who could not have been blessed with some portion of her affection, by simply living in the house with her for twelve years. And General Garnet was not exactly a brute. He was very handsome, graceful, and accomplished, always well dressed, and habitually polite. And now that time had long worn out his jealousy, he had ceased all undignified and ungentleman-like interference with his wife's especially feminine occupations and associations. Alice was happy with her housekeeping, her garden, her dairy, her country neighbors, her favorite Magnus, and her little daughter. Yet! had the Angel of Destiny whispered to her heart this alternative—"Your daughter! two fates await her—to die in her childhood, or live to be an unwilling bride—choose for her!" Alice would have answered with a shudder, and without a moment's hesitation, "Let her die in her childhood rather! Let her die now rather!" And to have saved her from the misery of wedding one she could not love, Alice would have been content to lay her heart's only treasure—her idolized child in the grave.

But no such question of Destiny had yet called back the memory of the past, and Alice was happy as she drew out her knitting-needle, and smiled at the boy and girl on the terrace.

At last the sketch was finished, and Magnus pronounced it perfect, and threw his shoulders back with a yawn of relief, and brought his hands together with a ring, exclaiming, as he turned to Alice,

"Now, cousin, let me order the horses, and let us ride at once to the beach. I have a fine boat there, and can put you and Elsie over to Hutton Isle in less than no time, so that you will have two or three hours to spend there to see about—what was it you wanted to see about, cousin Alice?"

"Getting some fine wool dyed for striping yarn counterpanes."

"Oh! and 'Aunt Joe' has the receipt!—exactly! Well, we can gallop to the beach in fifteen minutes, and I can put you over to the isle in half-an-hour, so that you will have plenty of time."

"Mamma only wants to go over and cheer the old lady," said Elsie, with an arch smile.

"Indeed, I want some wool dyed bright scarlet and light blue for my fall counterpanes," insisted the lady.

Magnus looked up incredulously, his look seeming to say,

"I thought good housekeepers like you, cousin, always had wool dyed at home?"

Alice answered the saucy look by saying,

"My maids are all very busy—with carding, and spinning, and knitting, and weaving, they have enough to keep them closely employed until preserving time, so that I am really necessitated to get Miss Joe to dye my wool," and smiling, Alice rolled up her knitting, dropped it into the basket, which was immediately raised by the little maid, and turned to enter the house, followed by the latter.

"You must have the horses saddled and before the door by the time mamma and I get our habits on, Magnus," said Elsie, taking up her drawing board, and preparing to follow her mother.

"Stop!—here's Goliah come from the post office—with a letter, too—" interrupted Magnus, going down the terrace steps to the shaded avenue to meet the boy. Mrs. Garnet stayed to receive it.

"It is from the General, madam," said Magnus, receiving the letter from the boy, and handing it to Alice. She opened and glanced through it. Then turning to the expectant child, she said,

"Elsie, your father will be home this evening. He will bring with him Judge Wylie, Mr. Ulysses Wylie, Mr. Hardcastle, and Mr. Lionel Hardcastle. He requests me to have supper ready for the party. So, children, you will have to ride without me this evening."

"Oh! I'm so sorry, mamma! I'm so sorry, cousin Alice!" simultaneously exclaimed the girl and the boy, catching each a hand of hers, and looking coaxingly in her face.

She was so like a child herself, with her slight girlish figure, fair ringlets, and blooming face.

"Let us stay home with you!" said both, pleadingly.

"Nonsense, dear children! Go! See about my wool-dying. Ask good Miss Joe when she can color twenty pounds each of light blue and bright scarlet wool for me. I would like you to take her something, only she has so much nervous independence—her pride and temper so quickly take offence. And I'll tell you how you may console yourselves for the loss of my company. Call at Yocomoco—you have plenty of time, and take Ambrosia with you, and bring her home with you. I will send for Diogenes, with his fiddle, and you shall have a moonlight dance on the lawn, while the gentlemen are settling the affairs of the universe in the drawing-room," said Alice, gayly, and kissing her hand to them both, she sprang into the house.

Alice was soon busy superintending the preparations for supper. She had a good deal of the pride of the housekeeper and the hostess about her. Every Maryland woman has.

Meantime Magnus and Elsie mounted and rode away, down the leafy avenue, heavy green, and fresh with the exuberant luxuriousness of midsummer; past the porter's lodge from which old Mrs. Brown looked out to smile upon them; down the steep, dense, forest-covered descent of the hill; through the thicket in the bottom; over the rich, green, grassy, undulating fields, extending towards Huttontown; and, lastly, along the gravelly beach of the bright sea-shore towards Yocomoco Point.

They found Judge Wylie among his "raft of girls and boys" as he called them—but booted and spurred for a ride to Huttontown to meet General Garnet and a party of gentlemen with whom he was going to Mount Calm.

Magnus had no difficulty in getting Ambrosia to join the party, only there was no horse up, and it was too late to catch one. All things, under Judge Wylie's agricultural jurisdiction, was in a very irregular, loose, helter-skelter state. Magnus, who was always prompt in an emergency, took Amber up behind him, and so they rode down to the landing.

Magnus tied the horses to a tree, put the girls in a skiff, took the oar, and, gliding over the sunny waters, soon reached the sandy beach of Hutton Isle.

Old Pontius Pilate was sitting on a turned up boat, with his elbows on his knees, and his woolly head dropped into his open palms, in an attitude of deep distress.

"What's the matter, Pont?" inquired Magnus.

A heavy groan convulsed Pont's big bosom, and without raising his head, he answered,

"Don't ax me, sur, please! Ole mist', up dar, in heap o' 'fliction! 'deed she is, sur!"

"Who, Miss Joe?" asked Elsie, sympathetically.

"Yes, honey! Yes, Miss Essy! Ole mist' very much starved in her mind, 'deed, Gor A'mighty knows is she, honey!"

"What's it about?" asked Ambrosia, awe-stricken.

"Your cuzzing, Marse Useless Roeback, jes lef' here, honey! May-be he' tell yer! I hasn't seen ole mist' in so much 'stress since de good horn button was los'. Don't like to say nuthin', 'deed I don't, honey! Don't like to sturve your min', 'deed I don't, honey!"

"Let's go on to the house and see what's the matter," said Magnus, impatiently leading the way.

The girls hurried after him, full of anxiety and conjecture. They found Miss Joe in a deal of affliction. She was seated at her loom weaving a domestic carpet of gay plaid pattern, and driving the shuttle with the energetic force and electric speed of desperation. Her face was red and swollen and moist, and as she saw her guests enter, she picked up a checked handkerchief already wet with tears or something, and applying it to her nose, blew it with a resounding trumpet-like report, giving it at the same time a most desperate wring, that left that misused feature as large and purple as a little egg-plant, and turned to meet her visitors. Such a comical face! with such a swollen nose, and such red and foxy eyes! Mirth strove with pity in the bosoms of the young party—they could scarcely keep from laughing, though they would not have laughed for all the world.

"How do you do, Miss Joe?" said Magnus, in behalf of his party.

"Don't tell me how I do!" exclaimed Miss Joe, blowing and wringing her unfortunate proboscis worse than before, and leaving it bigger and redder; "don't tell me how I do!—I'm ruined! ruined! ruined!"

"Ruined!"

"Yes, *ruined!* Nothing less than just that!"

"Why, what on earth has happened?"

"Everything has happened! Magnus, boy, don't keep digging your boot toe into my yeth floor; it 'stroys all my time to level and beat it down again!"

Magnus immediately desisted, and stamped the clay hard again.

"Has anything happened to Captain Hutton or his wife?" inquired Magnus, pursuing his investigations.

"*Oh, no! Lord, no!* Oh, *dear* me! Oh, *my* Lord! What *shall* I do! What *will* become of me! I shall be on the *parish* yet, I *know* I shall! After all my striving and t'iling, I shall come to the *poor house* yet, I know I shall! though where I could find a poorer house than *this*, just this minute, I'm sure I don't know! Oh, Lord! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, Lord!"

"What *is* the matter, Miss Joe?—can we do nothing for you?" asked Ambrosia, going to her side, and looking compassionately up in her tempestuous face. "I can certainly assist you, Miss Joe, in some way, can't I?" she persisted, anxiously.

"Oh, dear! Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! Oh, dear! Yes, you can!—I—oh, my blessed Lord! I—have been thinking of blacking my face, and crisping my hair, and hiring myself out for a nigger, when the worst comes to the worst!—And maybe your pa might want a field-hand in harvest time!"

Ambrosia doubted Miss Joe's sanity and her own personal safety, and walked away from her.

"Will you not tell us what has occurred? I am certain something can be done for you," said Magnus, as vague notions of debt and executions floated through his brain.

"No, nothing can't be done," said Miss Joe, with a third agonizing resound and wrench.

"Don't twist your poor dear nose so, Miss Joe—please don't! Indeed, it hurts my feelings!" said Ambrosia, with a sympathetic shudder, caressing her own little pug nose; "don't, Miss Joe! father will pay the debt, if it is a debt!" she added, ever ready to promise her father's all-bountiful charity.

"Let my nose alone, and pay your own debts!" was the sharp retort; then—"Sit down, Magnus, sit down, Elsie, sit down, Ambrush, and I'll see if the Lord will give me strength to tell my troubles. Magnus, don't lean back with your chair against the wall; you make the back legs dig holes in the floor if you do! Why can't you sit genteelly, like the girls do? I declare, I had as lief have a horse in my house as a young man!"

"It's very bad in the young men to trouble you so, Miss Joe," said saucy Magnus!

"Yes, it is dreadful! they none of them ever come here without breaking and 'stroying everything!"

"Shocking!"

"Yes, it is. Children! I'm going to try—oh, dear me!—to tell you my troubles, for your own good!—for a lesson to you! On—on—on the—the—the mutability of human affairs, and the vanity of human expectations! I'm ruined, children! utterly ruined, at my time o' life, after striving and t'iling for 'the things that perish in the using'! Oh, my Lord! Well, as I was a sitting here this morning quite airly, laboring at my loom, in comes that long-backed, long-legged Useless Roebuck."

"My cousin!" exclaimed Ambrosia, opening her eyes to their fullest extent.

"Yes, Miss Amber, your cousin! I don't want to hurt your feelings, child, but he *was* your cousin!—which, after all, people ain't accountable for the misconduct of their relation, nyther in this world, *nor* the next. Well, he'd come over here shooting, which I never made any objections to, though I considered it oncensonable. Well, he comes in here, and bobbing his head to me by way of how-do-you-do, he pitches down his cap and his gun, to the risk of its going off and shooting me, and bestrides himself with his long legs up to the fire-place, saying as it was cold on this iceberg of an old island, even in Summer. Yes, he called our little young isle 'old island,' as if it was a full-grown old veteran like Kent Island, and spoke besides vicious, as though he thought age a disgrace.—Well, I puts up with his slapping his hat down, and pitching his gun about in that dangerous way, and feeling a sort o' pity for the chilly cretur, I went and pitched some brush on the fire, to make it burn, and takes my pipe—oh, Lord! oh, dear!—there! I knew I should break right down! Oh, dear! Well, I takes my pipe out of my mouth, and lays it carefully upon the jams where I have kept it this twenty odd year. And lo and behold! no sooner did the fire blaze up and crackle, than the long-backed cretur draws his chair up right before the fire, throws himself back, stretches himself out like a spread eagle, pokes one long leg East and t'other West, setting his feet upon the jams and——SMASHING MY PIPE!"

Miss Joe looked around as if she expected the little party to be dumb-founded at the catastrophe—as indeed they really were! For they could not understand the monstrous growth of the one idea, fostered though it was by poverty and isolation.

"Oh, Miss Joe! never mind your pipe! we'll get you a dozen, and send them to you this evening!" said Magnus.

"Thank you for nothing! don't want your charity, Mr. Hardcastle. If I'd been content to receive charity, I might o' been richer now!" said Miss Joe, looking exasperated.

"I'll tell you what is fair and right, and will suit Miss Joe. Ulysses having broken her pipe, must replace it with a new one," said Ambrosia.

"Clear case! clear as a lawyer could have stated it!" said Magnus.

"Of course! that's what I expected *him* to have done, which would have set all right! I don't want charity—I wouldn't have it! I want simple justice. *He* ought to have offered me a new pipe! seeing as he'd broken my old one! But I don't believe he ever noticed what he'd done, any more than if he'd smashed an old piece o' plaster, which I suppose he really thought he *had*, for it was a white clay pipe, mended with putty in two or three places."

"Never mind—I will tell him," said Ambrosia.

Then Elsie opened her business to Miss Joe, and the old lady agreed to dye the wool during the ensuing week.

The little party would then have left, but Miss Joe would upon no account permit them to depart without tea. It was a lonesome place, her little isle, and she seldom had company to tea—so they *must* stay, she said. So Miss Joe summoned Pontius Pilate, had the fire kindled, the tea-kettle put on, and the neat tea-table set out with her white tea-set, and nice bread and butter, and fine strawberries and cream.

The young party partook of their repast and departed.

They found Alice still engaged in the hospitable preparations for the party, which had not yet arrived. They came, however, in the course of the hour. And that evening General Garnet entertained his friends to his heart's content. It was a sort of little political party, at which Mrs. Garnet was not expected to appear.

Alice, therefore, presided at the children's dance, on the lawn. Old Diogenes was "in force," and surpassed himself upon the violin.

After supper, Lionel and Ulysses left the grave conclave of politicians to the discussion of Congress and canvass-back ducks, and came out upon the green.

Lionel was full of the new good fortune that had befallen him. The dearest wish of his life was gratified—his father had at last obtained for him a midshipman's warrant, and he was going to sea. Alice looked at the wild and wilful youth with much anxiety, and wished in her heart, that it might have been otherwise—that he might have been forced to stay under his father's protection and surveillance.

Lionel also, in his frank, off-hand manner, informed his Cousin Magnus, there, before them all, that his father had not forgotten *him*, either—that he had arranged with a celebrated physician of Baltimore, to receive him as a student.

Magnus received this news with feelings of blended pain and pleasure—pain at the thought of leaving his dear "Cousin Alice," and her beautiful child—pleasure at the idea of the opening prospect of study, improvement, and independence.

Elsie never thought of the evil—she only thought of the good—she threw her arms around his neck, and wished him joy and success!

But Alice was much more depressed than the occasion seemed to warrant. Again she caught herself wishing that young people could possibly remain at home. All partings depressed her. The idea of these saddened her.

Was the cloud on her beautiful face really sorrow at the certainty of losing her loving boy-friend, or was it the shadow of coming events? Alice sighed heavily as she watched the young people dance. And at an early hour she recalled them to the house, served them with refreshments, and pleading great fatigue, dismissed them all to their several chambers.

She then threw herself languidly into the great easy chair, to await the breaking up of the party, and the appearance of General Garnet. She had scarcely had an opportunity of speaking to him since his return.

It was not very long before she heard the gentle, cheerful bustle of the departing guests; and the ringing tones of Judge Wylie's voice above all the rest, inviting every body to Point Pleasant the next evening, for the purpose of meeting every body else.

When the last guest had departed, General Garnet entered Alice's parlor.

"Up yet, Mrs. Garnet! Have I been so unfortunate as to disturb your rest?"

"No, oh, no! I think you were very quiet, for a party of gentlemen—not at all like the noisy parties Judge Wylie gathers. No! I had no opportunity of welcoming you home," she said, rising, and offering her hand. "Have you had a pleasant journey?"

"A successful one, madam, which is better. I think that there can be no reasonable doubt that D—— will carry the majority of votes in the districts through which we travelled;" and he smiled his peculiarly charming smile, as conscious that there lay his power

"Of winning, fettering, moulding, welding, banding
The hearts of millions, till they move as one."

"So, you had a successful tour! I am very glad!"

Her next question was a housekeeper's query.

"How did you like your supper, and were your guests pleased?"

"All was very well, Alice—and—could they be else than pleased, after so triumphant a canvass!" said he, taking a seat, and motioning Alice to do the same. "I have something to propose to you, Alice, in regard to our daughter."

"Our daughter!" repeated she, with a vague fear creeping over her heart.

"Yes, our girl—I scarcely approve the loose, irregular manner in which her education is conducted at home."

"It may appear to you so, because her occupations and amusements are so various, but indeed her habits—all habits, I mean, upon which health and improvement depend, are very regular—and for the rest—human nature itself—health, improvement—require some little irregularity. The rain does not fall, and the sun shine upon set days. See what a bright, healthful, happy, intelligent child Elsie is! Part of that is owing to her habits. She rises very early, breakfasts early, rides with Magnus, or one of the servants, returns, and devotes three hours to her books."

"Yes! all that is very well, but there should be a systematic course of study, which I fancy you are not quite competent to direct!"

"Try me!" said Alice, "I have not been idle all my life—nor all my life occupied exclusively with the eating, drinking, and wearing interests of our family. I have found time to cultivate my mind, for Elsie's sake. I have read and reflected much. I expected to be Elsie's only teacher. I have been, hitherto. And I wish, above all things, to continue to be. Then I shall feel better assured of her best good—better assured that her affections will not run to waste, while her intellect is cultivated."

"'A little learning is a dangerous thing.' It makes any one conceited—especially, I think, a woman who has few opportunities of comparing her ignorance with other people's knowledge," muttered General Garnet to himself. Then slightly raising his voice, he said—"No, Alice, it will not do. Elsie cannot remain under your tuition. I have other and wiser plans for her."

"I suppose," said Alice, in a low voice, "that you are thinking of employing a private governess, or tutor. Well! if you think it best—"

"No, Alice, I have no faith in governesses, and I totally disapprove of private tutors for young ladies. My intention is to send Elsie to a boarding school for the next six or seven years."

"To boarding school for seven years! Elsie! my darling! my only one! away from me for so long! She!—so young!—to go among total strangers for so long! no, you cannot mean it!" exclaimed Alice, rising, and wringing her hands.

"Sit down, Mrs. Garnet, and listen to me!" Alice sank into her seat again, and listened.

"There is no female academy of the first class in this country, I am sorry to say—none, at least, at which I should like to place our only daughter."

Alice's hopes raised—she thought she might have misunderstood what he had said before—her mind was so confused. She hastened to say—

"Oh, then, you are thinking of some very accomplished woman, or some highly intellectual graduate of William and Mary, who, though not exactly an ordinary governess or tutor, may be induced to come and take charge of one little girl for a very liberal salary!"

General Garnet waived his hand, impatiently.

"Hear me out, if you please, Mrs. Garnet. I have told you that I dislike private tutors and governesses! I dislike the idea of a stranger domesticated in the house very much! I said, besides, that there was no boarding school in the country to which I could care to trust our daughter. I intend to send Elsie to England!"

"To England!" murmured Alice, in an inaudible voice, growing very pale, and sinking back in her chair.

"Yes! to England. My friend, General A——, is going out there as minister. He takes all his family, of course. He expects to remain abroad many years. In talking over with me his prospects, among other things for which he congratulated himself, was the opportunity that his residence abroad would afford of giving his daughters a very superior education. While we conversed, I spoke of Alice, regretting the limited means of female education afforded by our country. Well! he proposed that I should commit my daughter to his charge, to go to England, and be put to school with his own. He pressed this favor very earnestly upon me.—The opportunity was one not likely to occur again, and therefore not to be lightly thrown away. Finally, I accepted his offer. It was all arranged between us. The embassy sails from Baltimore in two weeks, and before that time Elsie must be ready to join the family."

"In two weeks!" repeated Alice, in a sinking voice.

"Yes! in two weeks; so that we shall have to be expeditious! I shall have to take you and Elsie up to Baltimore almost immediately, to give you an opportunity of fitting her out for the voyage. It was upon this account that I opened the subject to night. I wish you and Elsie to be ready to accompany me to Baltimore in the packet of the day after to morrow! Now I have to go and write letters before I sleep; but you look very pale, Alice! You must retire instantly! Good-night!" So saying, General Garnet arose, passed into the adjoining library, and closed the door after him. Alice started up with the intention of following him—but feeling that this would offend him then—she sank back in her chair, clasping her hands together, and crying, "Oh, Good Lord! is there no way to help this!" Soon gathering strength, she retired to her own chamber.

The mother and daughter occupied the same suit of apartments. That is to say, the mother occupied the right-hand front chamber, while the back one, once used as a dressing room, was now appropriated to Elsie as her own apartment.

Alice entered her chamber, but weary as she was she could not rest—she could not even breathe freely. She took off her tight dress, and threw on a loose, white wrapper, and walked about uneasily. Presently she passed into her daughter's chamber. She glided to Elsie's bedside. The child was sleeping sweetly—her rosy cheek resting upon her moist, golden hair—her rosy arms thrown over her head, and almost breathing themselves, they seemed so full of life and warmth. With a gush of tenderness, Alice stooped over her beautiful child, pressing kisses on her hair, on her clothes—longing to press the full rosy lips, but

Stifling the mighty hunger of her heart,

lest she should disturb the happy sleeper. She dropped on her knees by her side, and spreading her arms over her, raised her eyes to Heaven in mournful love and prayer. And there she kneeled, watching the beautiful and happy sleeper, and breathing blessings upon her, until the step of General Garnet sounded on the stairs, when she arose, lightly kissed her brow, and glided away.

As Alice left the chamber of her child, it occurred to her, for the first time in her life, strenuously to oppose her husband's will.

As she re-entered her own room, General Garnet was standing before the mirror, taking off his cravat.

He turned around with one of his fascinating smiles, as she went up to his side, and raised her eyes pleadingly to his.

"Well, Alice, what is it?"

"I came to say something to you about your project of sending Elsie away. She is too young, poor little thing, to be sent away from home, to such a great distance, and among entire strangers—it will break her heart almost, indeed it will! Or else her affections will be weaned from us, and her heart grow *so* hard, *so* hard and cold! Oh! do not send her away from all she loves, so suddenly. The education of the head is not all in all for a girl—the heart has some claims—*I* think the greatest claims." And so she talked, and pleaded, and wept—thinking that because General Garnet listened to her with attention, she was making some impression.

But General Garnet was a gentleman who could unite the most polished suavity of manner, with the most cruel inflexibility of purpose.

At the end of all Alice's arguments, tears and prayers, he let her know, in the most polite manner possible, that her experience was very limited—her opinions, therefore, very erroneous, and her view of the present question entirely wrong. Finally, that his purpose remained, and would remain, unchanged. And Alice retired with one dread thought like nightmare oppressing her heart and brain—the thought that very soon the ocean would divide her from her child for a long, indefinite number of years.

In the course of the month their departure took place from the neighborhood.

Elsie Garnet, with many tears, left for her English school, under the protection of the American Minister to the Court of St. James.

Lionel Hardcastle sailed as Midshipman aboard the United States ship Falcon.

And Magnus Hardcastle, taking a most affectionate leave of his beautiful friend, Alice, and promising many letters, left for Baltimore, to enter upon the study of medical science, in the office of a distinguished physician.

#### CHAPTER IX.

LETTERS.

When absent far from those we love,
  Is there a charm the heart can fetter;
When years roll on and still we rove,
  Is there no cure? oh, yes!—a letter!
*Anon.*

They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul and faithful to its fires,
Speed the dear intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.
*Pope.*

It was a bright evening near the last of October. The mail had just come in, and brought Alice letters, to gladden her heart for many months. There was a letter from Magnus—that strong, confident, joyous Magnus, who always saw so much good and glory in the future. And there was one post-marked London, and ship-marked "Belle Agnes," from Elsie—that healthful, hopeful, happy Elsie, who always made the best of everything, and was gladsome everywhere. No letter could be more replete with the tenderest, filial affection than hers, yet there was not a word of home-sickness, or sorrow, or discontent in it. It was full of genial life, of happy love, and confident hope. It contained nothing to sadden, and everything to gladden her mother—"Our voyage out was very pleasant, dear mother; the ocean was very grand. I saw the sun rise and set upon it. It was very glorious. This great world is very magnificent, dear mother, and so blessed to me, because you are in it," she wrote. Again, "Tell Magnus he would laugh at my first impressions of England! I was disappointed in great England—low be it spoken! The world-renowned Thames! not to be compared with our own Potomac, which is certainly not considered a great river in America. England seems to me to be a small, elaborately finished, extremely well filled country; not grand, rough hewn, and half furnished, like our own vast territory!"

Then her letter was full of the child's innocent, caressing, most sincere flattery. "Beautiful mother, are your cheeks rosy now? Is your hair curling now? When I left you, your cheeks were very pale and your hair half out of curl. You looked like a pale blush rose, faded in the rain. I too was weeping, hanging on you like a half-drowned, disconsolate little rose bud. But I am very fresh and bright again—a strong, saucy, little rose-bud, lifting its head right up to the sun, and determined to blow into a beautiful rose, like my mother. Are you blooming, too? Write to me and tell me that you are. Beautiful mother, I saw a painting in the London Gallery of Art, that was the very image of you. It was the St. Rosalie of Rubens, with snowy brow, and starry eyes, and sunny hair, like a halo around her. Do you remember St. Rosalie, the beautiful, the beloved of Sicilia—

'Where darling of each heart and eye,
From all the youth of Sicily—
St. Rosalie retired to God.'

How strange that the artist's beautiful ideal should be realized in your living face, mamma!" Her letter closed very tenderly—"Kiss father a hundred times for me, dear mamma; tell him that my next letter shall be to him, and that I intend to come home very accomplished, not to disappoint his pride. Love me very joyfully, dear, beautiful mamma, for I am your busy, happy, loving little Elsie."

Alice kissed the loving letter again and again, and walked about, happy, restless, overjoyed.—General Garnet was away from home again, as he was about half the time. And Alice, after she had read the welcome letter to all the confidential servants who loved little Elsie—bethought herself—by way of expending some of the extra life she had received—of going over to see Miss Joe, and telling the old lady that her nephew's vessel was in port, for that she had got letters by it. She knew the old soul would also be delighted to hear from Elsie.

Alice summoned Diogenes, told him to gear up the one-horse chaise, and take her over to Huttontown. The chaise was soon ready. Alice entered it, and was driven by Diogenes over to the village. She left the chaise at the Neptune and Pan, and, attended by Diogenes, went down to the beach. The afternoon was very clear and calm;

"The air was still, and the water still,"

and she felt no uneasiness in trusting herself to the little skiff, and the one oar to the old servant.

As they glided over the silent waters—the profound stillness of the air and water was vaguely disturbed by a distant, deep-toned, solemn moan, swelling on the horizon like the breeze upon a mammoth harp string, and dying away in the deep of silence.

"Did you hear that?" asked Alice of her attendant.

"No, ma'am, I heard nothing, Miss Ally," replied the obtuse negro.

And Alice thought she was mistaken. The bay was perfectly smooth, yet it seemed to Alice that the vast body of water under them just perceptibly rose and fell, as though instinct with life and breath! The little skiff sped like an arrow across the bosom of the waters, and in something less than half-an-hour, cleared the distance between the mainland and the isle. The old negro stuck his oar into the sand, and shoved the boat up high and dry upon the beach, so that his mistress could step out dry-shod.

"Does not the wind blow around this bleak island even when it is calm along the coast of the mainland?" asked Alice, as she gathered her flapping veil and shawl more closely around her, and stepped upon the strand.

"La, no, Miss Ally, ma'am, it never doesn't, of course; dough when der *is* a win', it has more 'siderable of a clean sweep here than any where else! No, Miss Ally, no, ma'am! but de win' do seem for to be a risin'."

"Come, let us hurry on to the house, for really it is quite fresh," said she, drawing her veil down over her face and under her shawl, and wrapping the letter more closely around her, and striking into the narrow path leading through the corn-field, and up to the house. But when she had got about half-way up the hill, the wind took her so fiercely, flapping her skirts about her feet, flapping her bonnet and veil about her face, that she was forced to turn around to recover breath and strength.

"I can scarcely face this gale! how very suddenly it has sprung up!"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the old negro, looking uneasily at the sky; "I—I—mos' wish us hadn't a ventered out! I—I—I do hope us ain't a gwine to have a squealing, knocking storm afore us gits back!"

"Oh, it is entirely too late in the season for an equinoctial storm," replied Alice, following her glance to the sky. "The wind has blown a few straggling clouds up from the horizon, but it does not look at all threatening."

"Ah, Miss Ally, you don't know, honey! Der ain't never no good in dese are switchy mare's tails!" replied Diogenes, pointing to the long, black, ragged clouds flying before the wind.—Holding her head down, and hugging her shawl tightly about her, Alice pushed on towards the house.

Looking up as she reached the top of the hill, she saw Miss Joe with her head far out of the gable end loft window, with an old spy-glass in her hand, levelling it out to sea. Miss Joe lowered her glass for a moment, and perceived Alice, and shouted to her above the blast,

"How do you do, Mrs. Garnet? Hasn't this here blaff of wind come up sudden! 'Tain't agoing to be anything *but* a wind, though, I believe. Come up to the house, honey. I'll be down from here about the time you get up. I have just been looking out after that there vessel down the bay, as I think must be Hugh's, seeing I'm expecting him. I spied that there craft about two hours ago. She was making slow headway, because the tide was strong agin her. Now she seems farther off than before! I shouldn't wonder if this gust of wind, with the current, didn't blow her out to sea agin. I hope it ain't nothing but a gust, though, that'll soon be over. The wind bluffs around as if it were agoing to change, too,—then it'll be fair for her, and she'll scud along fast enough before it.—Come up to the house, honey! I'm coming down!"

Alice reached the garden gate just as Miss Joe opened the house door, and came out to meet her—her clothes all blown aslant, and flapping about as if they would go over her head, but looking so hardy, steady, storm-proof, with her shining face rubicund with joy and welcome.—Alice laughed out to see her.

"Dear Miss Joe! you look chirping as a frosty morning! It enlivens one to see you! I have heard of people who, going out for wool, returned shorn. I have come to cheer you, and shall go home gladdened! You look so chirp!"

"Oh, honey! I have enough to chirrup me! I'm heern from Hugh and his wife! You saw that sloop in at Hutton's Harbor? Well, that there sloop, she came from the port of Baltimore, where she spoke the Belle Agnes, just in from Liverpool, and brought a letter from Captain Hutton, saying as he should run down here soon as ever he unloaded his cargo, and took in some freight for this here port. His letter says how Agnes is going for to stay long o' me now.—'Deed, I reckon she's had enough o' seafaring a'ready!" said Miss Joe, as she straddled on towards the gate and opened it. "Come in, Mrs. Garnet! Come in, my dear child! You look almost beaten to death with the wind. Your face is right down blue with cold, and your hair is blown all over you like tangled yellow silk!—Is that you, Diogenes? They may well stint your ugly name to Dodgy! I never did see such a lazy, good-for-nothing old nigger in all my life! No, nor one fraider of his labor! Why didn't you take your young mistress up, and fetch her up the hill through this wind, you great lazy horse?"

"'Cause young Mist' wouldn't o' let me! It's been twenty odd year since ever I carried Miss Ally about!"

"Oh, good excuse! Never seen a nigger yet that hadn't one allus ready! Keep 'em constantly on hand, as the shop-keepers say! I wish I had the driving of you, that's all! Come in, Mrs. Garnet!—come in, honey! You're almost frozen!" continued Miss Joe, putting her arm around Alice, hurrying her in, and seating her in the big, flag-bottomed chair by the fire.—"You Dodgy! go to the wood-pile this minute, and bring in an armfull of brush. Come, stir your stumps! Don't you see your young mist'ss's teeth chattering with cold? Don't you see she's a'most got an ague?" Then turning to Alice again, she untied and removed her bonnet, drew off her gloves and rubbed her hands. "How delikit you are, honey! jes' like your mother. There, put your feet to the fire, honey! let me pull off your shoes! Bless the little tiny feet!—they are like dabs of ice! *You Dodgy!*"

"Yes, ole mist'!"

"I'll 'ole mist' you if I come out there after you! Are you going to be all day at that wood pile?"

"No, ole mist', here I am!" said Diogenes, coming in laden and covered with brush, like Malcolm's army under the wood of Birnam.

"There! put that on the fire! There! That's a blaze for you! Now, you take that bucket and go to the spring directly! I want to give your young mistress a good hot cup of tea. Don't you hear me?" she exclaimed, wrathfully, as Diogenes stood there rubbing his hands and wrists for cold. Don't you hear me? You've got no feeling for your Miss Ally, you old brute!"

"Yes I has! I'm a gwine! sure, I allus did the bestest I know how for Miss Ally! I'm toted her on my shoulders, and sung her songs, and played her tunes, and told her stories ever since she was a little gal! An' I'm jes willin' as ever I was! o'ny I ain't as young as ever I was! I nuthin' now but o'ny jes a super-naturalated ole genman!"

"Bezoom! take that bucket up and make off with yourself after that water, you old sinner! There, you ain't a bit older than I am this minute, and you want to sit yourself down in super-antediluvianated old age! For shame!"

Diogenes was routed out with the pail.

Miss Joe went out into the shed and returned with a bunch of partridges—she came in blustering like the goddess of the wind!

"Lord Gimini how it blows! It a'most tuk the skee'rt o' my gown over my head!"

"Dear Miss Joe do not give yourself so much trouble on my account! I—"

"Lord, child, tain't a trouble, it's a pleasure! If you only did know what a lonely place this dissolute isle *is*! What a dreary thing it is to sit down three times a day to a lonely meal all the year round, from the first o' Jiniwery to the thirty-first o' December! If you did but know what a comfort it is to have some one come and take a dish o' tea with me! It's *more* nor a comfort! It's a down right adventur'! 'I' by itself I is the most lonesomest word in the king's English!"

"But, Miss Joe, I really did not come to stay! I only came to see you, and to ask when you had heard from your absent friends, and to tell you that Hugh's vessel is in port, which I find you know already, and that I had got a letter by it from Alice, who is well and happy, and sends her love to you!"

"God bless the child! so she well and happy! Well, to be sure, to see the mercy of God!" exclaimed Miss Joe, taking the bucket of water from Dodgy, filling the kettle, and hanging it on the fire. Then followed a number of questions, which Alice answered by reading the letter. And all this time Miss Joe was not listening in idleness, but flying about, in and out, hearing the news by snatches, driving Diogenes to pick and dress the partridges for the gridiron, while she beat the dough for biscuits.

Very soon the neat tea-table was set out, and a repast delicate and luxurious as any epicure could have desired spread upon it. And Miss Joe arranged Alice in a comfortable seat at the side of the table near the fire, and as she poured out the fragrant tea, she told all the story of the letter she had got from Hugh. How they had made such a prosperous voyage; how Hugh was going to stay home for three months; how Agnes was not agoing away again at all; and how she supposed Agnes was cured of her curiosity to see the ocean. And through all her talk, Alice saw how much family affection was in that old frost-bitten heart of hers.

After tea, Alice arose in some anxiety.

"What's the matter now, honey?" inquired Miss Joe.

"I must go—you must excuse me for leaving you so soon after your very early tea, but that was the only condition upon which I could stay, you know."

"But Lord, child—"

"Dear, Miss Joe, pray do not press me now! See! the sun is not half-an-hour high. And I must be home by our own supper hour. I have some expectations of the General's return, and it would not do for me to be absent at the moment of his arrival, especially as I have Elsie's letter, which he will wish to see immediately."

"But, Lor' A'mighty! does the 'oman think how she can put to sea in that there egg-shell of a little skiff in such a wind as this? Why, there's Dodgy could tell you 'twould be to the risk of your life. Wouldn't it, you old cretur?"

"Do win' very high, 'deed, Miss Ally! And dis ole nigger can't swim no more an a cork!"

"Is this so?" asked Alice, with trouble on her face.

"Yes, it *is* so!" replied Miss Joe, "but just wait half an-hour, honey, till the sun sets—then the wind 'll be sure to lay just as sudden as it ris."

Alice sat down trembling.

"If the General should come back and find me gone, he will be so vexed," she murmured, almost unconsciously.

"General Garnet better behave himself! If he says anything to you, honey, jes tell him I wouldn't let you risk your life in this gust of wind! So I wouldn't! I'd go and split up the little skiff for fire wood first! Jes tell him I stopt you, and let him come to me! *I* ain't 'fraid of him! I jes wish he would come to my castle with his black thunder cloud of a frown, or his jack-o-lantern smile ither! If he wouldn't get as good a whipping as ever he got when he was a school boy! If I didn't make my old hickory broom talk to him!"

"Come, Miss Joe, you really will drive me home in the gale if you speak of my husband in that manner," said Alice.

#### CHAPTER X.

"NIGHT AND STORM."

The strife of fiends is on the battling clouds,
The glare of hell is in the sulphurous lightnings.
This is no earthly storm!
  A piteous, fearful sight,
A noble vessel struggling with the sea!
Her deck is peopled with despairing souls,
And in the hollow pauses of the storm
We hear their piercing cries.
*Maturin's Bertram.*

The sun went down. The wind seemed to lull. Alice arose and put on her bonnet and shawl for a start. Old Diogenes buttoned his coat up to his chin, and took up his old felt hat to attend her. Miss Joe threw her check apron over her head to accompany them, and the little party opened the door and set out for the beach. The eyes of old Diogenes rolled—

"From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,"

in a great trouble!

Though the sun had but just set, the sky was no longer blue, but of a lurid, metallic, coppery color, mottled over by leaden clouds, athwart which, and lower down, scudded huge, black, inky masses of vapor, driven wildly before the wind that had shifted, and was again rising. Lower down and nearer the earth flew other clouds, flocks of wild sea-fowl, screaming frightfully, and dashing hither and thither, or settling upon the island as for shelter from the coming tempest. Such was the sky.

The look of the sea was still more terrible. The surface of the water was very rough, the waves breaking into foam as though frost were thrown up from the depths of the sea. The whole enormous mass of waters was rising, with a vast, slow, mighty swell, as though some monstrous under power, were laboring to upheave the ocean from its bed, and shatter it into precipices and caverns. And all around the lurid horizon boomed the low, deep, awful sound of the coming storm!

"It will never do to try to cross the water to-night, my dear child," said Miss Joe, solemnly and fearfully. "We're going to have an awful storm, and it may burst upon us at any minute."

"'Deed, Miss Ally, child, it's wery unsafe! wery! Don't let's be a temping o' Providence! Don't!" said Diogenes, his teeth chattering with cold and terror.

Just then the voice of the wind wailed across the waters like the shriek of a lost spirit—and the salt spray of the sea was dashed in their faces! The sky seemed to be settling down over the isle, and the waters—black—heavy—and dark! The mighty sea was heaving, setting, rising to meet the lowered sky! The vapor of the clouds and waves seemed intermingling! The rising wind howled and shrieked!

"Well, child, if you venter upon the water this evening, you'll row to the Kingdom of Heaven," said Miss Joe. "Turn, hurry back! We must get to the house as fast as possible or the storm will be upon us! Child, alive! what are you standing looking out to sea for? I do believe you are more afraid of braving General Garnet's anger than that of the wind and sea themselves!"

"I should not have come," said Alice, turning, shuddering, away from the beach.

By-the-way, this is the manner in which people very often judge themselves and others, very unjustly, by the *result*. If Alice had got home safe, her heart would have approved her visit of kindness to Miss Joe. But she was overtaken with a storm, and she said,

"I should not have come."

"Yes you should!" replied Miss Joe, "and now you should come back! hurry! hurry! hurry! Look at that mass of black cloud rushing like a demon up the sky!"

It was now very dark, and they hastened on towards the house. They reached it as a furious blast of wind drove them against its walls. They were in the house. Shutters were closed, props were placed against the doors to assist the old locks in holding them against the fury of the storm. And as the room was now pitch dark, except by the lurid light of the mouldering fire, Miss Joe lit a candle and set it on the mantle-piece. Alice sat down in the chimney-corner arm-chair, very pale. Diogenes, who was a Catholic, stood crossing himself. Miss Joe walked restlessly up and down the floor, saying as the wind would drive against the house, "Oh, Lord! save Pontius Pilate from the stormy waves!"

"Whar him!" asked Dodgy, turning around, with his hat still rammed over his head, and his hands still dug into his surtout-coat pockets, "whar him?"

"Oh! he is out in the oyster-boat! He's out in the oyster-boat! Oh, Dodgy, you're a nice old man! a first-rate old man! indeed you are. Diogenes, you're a t'iling, striving, thriving creature, indeed you are! Can't you just go down to the beach—you're strong!—and get into the boat, and row around to the North bank, and see if you see Pontius Pilate!—I'm afraid he's got the sail up. Do go, Diogenes!—that's a good soul!—you were always such a willing soul!—do go, Diogenes!"

"Lor' Gor A'mighty, ole mist', dis nigger can't swum no more an a fish!—'deed can't he!—'sides which, he ain't 'fessed hisself to de prise' since las' Easter!—so if dis ole nigger put to sea dis yere night, he no row to de Kingdom o' Hebben, but 'trait to de oder place!—so you see you mus' take a 'sideration on to it, mist'ess, an' let me off dis time! Oh! Lord Marster Jesus! what a blast was that!" he exclaimed, as one of unprecedented fury shook the house to its foundation.

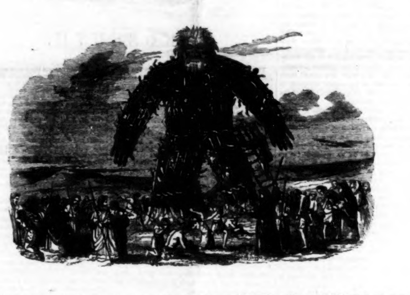
The storm raged, shrieked and howled around the house. Hourly its violence increased—tenfold the crash of falling trees, twisted off at the roots, the clatter of rattling tiles and shingles, reft off and rained down from the roof, the scream of the frightened water-fowl, the howl of the alarmed cattle, mingled with the shriek of the wind and the thunder of the waves in the grand diapason of nature's wildest, most terrific harmony!

Alice sat with her hands clasped upon her knees, and her head bowed, perfectly still in the arm-chair in the chimney-corner.

Miss Joe, to save time, if she lost Pontius Pilate, the oyster boat, and every thing else, sat nervously reeling off yarn, in the opposite corner.

Diogenes seemed now possessed of the walking demon, for he rambled up and down the floor to the farthest extremities of the vast, dark-

## Our Picture Gallery.



THE ISLANDERS FILLING A WICKER IMAGE WITH HUMAN VICTIMS AND COMBUSTIBLE MATERIALS.

Not many centuries ago, there existed a people, on a certain island, who were very ignorant, superstitious and cruel. They lived in rude huts, made by driving stakes into the earth, and covering them with the branches of trees. They were clad in the skins of wild beasts, tattooed their bodies, subsisted by fishing and hunting, and on the flesh and milk of their cattle, and were unacquainted with the institution of marriage. We cannot ascertain that they excelled in any art, except in that of making wicker baskets. Their religion had no tendency to elevate their character, for they believed in the transmigration of souls, and worshipped the sun, the moon, and deified men. Their religious ceremonies were performed in shady groves, or in rude temples of huge, rough stones, without roofs, the ruins of which are still to be seen. Cæsar, in his Commentaries, informs us that one of their religious ceremonies consisted in making, of wicker work, a hollow image of a man, about sixty feet in height, filling it with living men, women and children, setting it on fire, and seeing these unhappy victims perish in the flames. Lucan, in describing one of their sacred groves, says,—"Nothing was to be seen there but multitudes of altars, on which they sacrifice human victims." Says Pliny, "They consider it a part of their most solemn and most obligatory religion to put men to death; and to feed on their dead bodies they esteem most wholesome."

Such was their condition; yet they were not the dark sons of Ham, nor could their degradation be attributed to the influence of climate.—THEY WERE WITHOUT THE BIBLE. A few of these white sons of barbarism were brought to Rome, and sold in the public market as slaves. Some zealous Christians in that city took an interest in their welfare, and established a mission on their native island. Numbers were soon converted to Christianity, the Bible was translated into their language, schools were established, the arts and sciences taught, mind elevated, the social and moral feelings cultivated, and soon these barbarous tribes became a great, a noble, and enlightened people. The influence of their power, enterprise and benevolence is felt in every part of the world.

Do you ask who these people are? They are the descendants of the Ancient Britons, millions of whom now inhabit the Island of Great Britain and these United States. Give the heathen the Bible, and it will do for them what it has done for us.

[illegible] crossing himself devoutly, and ejaculating,

"Oh, Lord! if I'd only 'fessed myself to de Priest' yes'day! If I'd only 'fessed myself to de Priest' yes'day!"

At last, a blast of incredible power and fury [illegible] the house;—[illegible] down; a [illegible] fall, with a terrible crash!—the house was felt to tremble with them!

Alice, [illegible] with a deadly terror, crouched down, clasping her hands.

Miss Joe sprang up, overturning her seat, and, no longer thinking of the [illegible], or Punchus Pilate, but of the noble ship she had spied in the afternoon, and of her noble boy, Hugh, exclaimed,

"Oh, my God! what will become of that vessel!—what will become of that vessel!" and went wildly about the room unable to sit down.

Diogenes dropped upon his knees, lifting both hands to the ceiling, as if to ward off a falling blow, and in a panic of fear, ejaculated,

"Oh, Master Lord! Oh, Marse! Not now! Not now, Marse! Not jes' now! Spare us your [illegible] a little longer! Hail, Mary, full of grace! Holy St. Peter, pray for us, as you was in a storm yourself, you know! All de holy 'postels, and vangels pray for us! Oh, Marse!"

"Hush! Hush!" exclaimed Miss Joe, peremptorily, while wringing her hands; "is it not enough to hear this horrible storm, without hearing your horrible prayers!"

But not for Miss Joe, or any other living creature, would Dodgy have held his breath now. He was a thousand times more afraid of the wind than he was of anything else in the world.

At last came the awful crisis of the storm—the wind had

"paused to gather its dreadful breath,"

and now rushed upon the house with the irresistible power of a storming battery, with a sound, a shock, as if two planets had met in fatal concussion! The earth trembled—the massive roof of the strong house was torn off and hurled aloft,—heavy blocks of sandstone came clattering down from the topmost wall, and then the rain fell in vast sheets, as if "all heaven was opened." And now came a sound more terrible than that of an advancing army,—

"THE OCEAN WAS UPON THEM IN ITS MIGHT!

Speechless with awe, like those in the immediate presence of sudden death, Alice and Miss Joe remained locked in each other's arms. The old negro ran wildly about, like one perfectly distracted, screaming.

"Oh, my God! my God! we shall be all drownded in this very house, like blind puppies in a tub! Oh, will nobody 'fess me o' my sins? Oh, Lord! I'd fear to do breakin' o' all de 'mandments, rather dan miss absolution for them as I has broke!"

And as he ran about and raved, while Alice and Miss Joe remained motionless, waiting for death where they sat.

The water that dashed against the wall was no longer the rain, but the sea!—the sea encroaching the house!

An hour like an eternity passed, during which the waves, with deafening sounds, stormed the walls, and the inmates waited for death! Then the horrible tempest seemed to abate—the ocean seemed to be retiring!

Oh, were the waves indeed receding, or was it only one of those fatal pauses during which the storm fiend gathered new strength for destruction?

Alice, fearful, hopeful, raised her head, doubtful of the reprieve from immediate death.

Miss Joe clasped her closer in her arms, but listened!

Diogenes stopped in his wild walk, and began to praise all the saints.

Yes, the ocean was certainly receding! They were saved! But now, amidst their joy, came a knell of doom!

THE SIGNAL GUN OF A SHIP IN DISTRESS.

No one knew how often that knell had pealed before. It could not have been heard amid the deafening noise of the waves, no more than the report of a single cannon could have been distinguished in the thunder of a million others!—The sound struck to the hearts of all present.

"Oh!" said Miss Joe, "that ship! that ship! It is the very ship I spied! I know it is! I know it is! and oh! it may be the ship of Hugh!"

Again the minute gun boomed over the sea.

"Oh, Heaven, how I pity them! What can be the nature of their danger? The storm has almost ceased! If they could live through that terrific tempest, surely they can save themselves now! What can be the danger to which they are exposed now?" asked Alice.

"The ship tossed about so in the horrible storm, must a sprung a leak! Oh! if it should be Hugh's ship!" replied Miss Joe.

Again the minute gun wailed across the waters!

"And oh!" exclaimed Alice, wringing her hands, "if there is one thing worse than imminent danger or death to one's own, it is to be in perfect safety, and to hear near by the cry of others in extremity, and to be unable to give them aid!"

Once more the minute gun wailed across the waters! It seemed the voice of a last appeal.

"My God! I can scarcely stand this!" exclaimed Alice, shuddering, cowering, stopping her ears, while Miss Joe walked about groaning! groaning! groaning!

But once more the minute gun wailed across the waters! It seemed the voice of a last reproach!

The two women, and the old negro, could do absolutely nothing to help the dying ship! they felt their own safety as a shame, and covered their heads to shut out the sound of death. They need not have done so.

The minute gun wailed no more across the waters. The voice was silenced forever!

"Oh! my God! my God! she is gone down! she is gone down!" screamed Miss Joe, wrought up to an agony of terror and grief beyond all self-control.

The dread silence that followed was more insufferable than the terrific storm, in its utmost fury, had been! than the awful voice of the minute gun, in its vain appeal, had been! It was long after midnight now. Miss Joe, unable longer to bear the awful pause of fate, went and pulled open the door and looked out.

The wind had lulled, the rain had ceased, the waves had gone down, the storm was nearly over. Yet in the deep darkness, she could only guess the wild ruin that had been wrought around!—The sky hung over the waters black as a pall, yet by the phosphoric light of the sea that still moved and sparkled, she discovered a dark object, like the hulk of a huge vessel, disappear under the waves!

And hush! what sound is that, low and distinct, in the deep silence of the awful night? The sound of approaching footsteps and voices hurrying on and now very near!

"Light another candle, for God's sake—some people are coming. God send it may be Hugh and his men! Light another candle quick, and thrust it into a lantern!" exclaimed Miss Joe, hastening into the house.

And before the light of the other candle blazed, the room was filled with sailors, storm beaten, dripping wet, two of the foremost of whom bore the body of a fainting woman in their arms!

It was Agnes!

"Where is Hugh? Where is your Captain? My God! where is Hugh?" exclaimed Miss Joe, as her eyes roamed over this wild party, in the vain quest of her nephew.

"We left the Captain on the deck of his vessel. He refused to leave it while a man remained on board. We are going back for him, and half-a-dozen others," said the mate, looking about in haste for a place to lay Agnes—then putting her in the arms of old Dodgy, he turned, with three other of the men, and left the house for the beach.

"Too late! too late! I saw the ship go down myself!" exclaimed Miss Joe, beside herself with grief.

"What must I do with this here young 'oman, Miss Ally?" inquired Diogenes of his mistress.

"Take her up stairs, Diogenes, and I will go up and attend to her," said Alice. And leaving Miss Joe and the shipwrecked sailors below, Alice followed the old negro, with his burden, up stairs.

But there a scene of ruin met her startled gaze. The roof had been reft from the house in the storm—the rain had poured through the ceiling of the loft and drenched the bed-chambers. One of the beds, however, being in a more protected angle of the room, was comparatively dry. This Alice turned over, and upon this the old negro was directed to lay his insensible burden.

While Alice was rubbing and chafing the cold, cold hands and feet of the shipwrecked girl, a loud cry of despair came up from below.

She hastened down stairs to know the cause.

The mate had returned from a fruitless errand! The Belle Agnes had gone down with all left on board, and among them the brave and generous Captain Hugh Hutton!

* * * * *

Within the next three dreadful hours, "in night and storm and darkness," a man-child was born—son of the storm and the wreck! heir of a desert and a ruin! (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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DEFECTS OF THE NEWSPAPER POSTAGE LAW.—Some of the defects of the present American Postage Law are very pointedly illustrated in the late address of the Boston Cheap Postage Association. For instance, one of our largest newspapers, sent from Boston to Cambridge, (four miles,) cost three cents; from Boston to St. Petersburg, in Russia, four cents; from Boston to Richmond, six cents, to Galveston, nine, to California, fifteen cents. The address states that there are no less than thirty-eight different rates charged on newspapers.

# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1851.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THIS POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

## TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2 if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country, to one post-office:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 4 | Copies, | $5 00 | Per Annum. |
| 8 | " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) | $10 00 | " |
| 13 | " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) | $15 00 | " |
| 20 | " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) | $20 00 | " |

Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Kossuth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. It must be remembered that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ The complimentary letters of "A Tennessean," Dr. F., of St. Johns, N. C., and others, have been very pleasant and cheering to us. We occasionally see articles going the rounds of the press, intimating that the readers of newspapers are very capricious, and hard to please. This, however, is not our experience. We do not think that we have received one letter of complaint, to a hundred of warm commendation, since we have been engaged in publishing the Post. This, we think, speaks well for both the Post and its readers—showing that the former has been worthy of *general* commendation, and that the latter are disposed to overlook trifling errors and defects in its management.

POETRY.—We are constantly in the receipt of poems, to the authors of which we can only say, those that pass muster will appear as we need them.

## KOSSUTH.

We give in the present number a portrait of this illustrious champion of freedom. A concerted effort appears to have been made by the reactionary party of Europe, and those who sympathise with it, to dampen the ardor of the English and American people in behalf of the great Hungarian. Letter after letter—professedly from different individuals, but several of them bearing marks of being from the same hand—have been published in our daily papers, in which a systematic attempt has been made to lessen the character and services of the renowned exile. But we have been pleased to find, that after all has been said, nothing has been really said against him.

Kossuth is accused of "behaving more like a conqueror than an exile." A singular fault this—proving as it does the greatness and dignity of his character. He has a right to feel like a conqueror, for he has on his side all that is Godlike and Eternal. If he comported himself like a vanquished man, it would prove him less the hero and the leader. And, besides that, he knows that he is at this moment stronger in Hungary, in central Europe, even in Austria itself, than any monarch of them all. He is enthroned in millions of hearts, and on the page of history. He has achieved a deathless and immortal name; and why should he not feel and act like a conqueror? This is no new feeling on the part of an exile. Have not these paltry letter-writers read that

> "More true joy Marcellus, exiled, feels,
> Than Cæsar with a Senate at his heels?"

But no, these American burners of incense at the shrine of European despotism, expected to find, and would have been pleased to find, in Kossuth, a broken-hearted man—their heads were full of Campbell's lines,

> "There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
> The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;"

and were surprised and alarmed at beholding a man, a hero, who would not own that the battle was yet lost, that the struggle was yet over; but who was preparing himself and his friends for a new onslaught upon all the powers of despotism, cruelty and darkness.

Therefore it is that a systematic attempt has been made by the Reactionists of Europe and their satellites, to decry Kossuth. If they did not fear him, would they be at so much trouble to prove him a nobody?

One letter-writer has the assurance to talk of America's making herself ridiculous in the eyes of Europe—meaning by Europe the lords and ladies, the wealthy and titled boobies and nobodies, the givers of balls and parties. It is time this class of European society understood that we care not a feather for their good opinion,—that we hold in reverence what they deem ridiculous, by virtue of our breeding and our blood. That the time is coming when they will find that we have the right and power to set the fashion of what is, and what is not, honorable—and that, until that time comes, we can afford to conform to our own standard, and walk by our own light.

As for Kossuth, it remains not to be proved that he is a great man—we need not to see him, to know his height and his features, and the cut of his coat, to determine whether he is great or otherwise. His greatness is proven by the bold mark he has already made upon the page of history. Look at the records of his life. A poor lawyer at first, and the adored President of a gallant people at the last. A man of no external means of influence to begin with, and, in the course of a few years, the controlling spirit, the mental dictator of the Hungarian Diet and the Hungarian nation. What do you call mental greatness, if Kossuth's career be not a proof of it? What do you call moral greatness, if the nobility of the deeds of the Hungarian Diet, deeds originated and almost carried by him, be not a proof of it? Witness the enfranchisement of the serfs, the conferring upon them of a large proportion of the land of the nation, and the other unselfish sacrifices to the principles of Freedom by the Magyar race. If these things do not prove alike the nobleness of the Magyars and the nobleness of Kossuth, their leader in these movements, where can you find proofs of nobleness, of moral greatness, in the history of the world?

But then we are told that Kossuth *wears a beard*—in accordance with the custom of his people, and of almost all Europe, he *wears a beard!* Well, to answer a fool according to his folly, so did Adam, and the Jewish patriarchs, and King David, and the Saviour and His Apostles. It would be as much a mark of affectation for Kossuth to shave off his beard, as it is often for an American to wear one.

But then Kossuth was displeased with the officers of the Mississippi, without just cause. We are not so certain of that. When he entered an American vessel, he expected to meet men who were earnest lovers of constitutional liberty, like himself. It is very doubtful that he met such men. There is probably more aristocratic feeling on board of our ships of war, than the American people are at all conscious of. Not long since one of our national vessels received and saluted with all the honors, the most cruel despot in Europe, the bloody King of Naples. The Ban Jellatchich also was recently received with distinction on board one of the Mediterranean squadron. Men who could thus exchange courtesies with the cruellest of European despots, could have no real sympathy with Kossuth, or any earnest European liberal. Was it wonderful that Kossuth could not harmonize with them, or they with him? How could the prophet of freedom, dungeon-bowed, but with a heart still full of its God-given fire, all alive and glowing for liberty, harmonize with a *theoretical* republican, a kid-glove and dainty believer in the rights of man. One who believed perhaps in the flogging of those beneath him as the only means of keeping them in order—and therefore more disposed to fraternize also with woman-whipping Haynau, or Nicholas of the Knout, than a man like Kossuth.

Again, another writer is shocked at the bad dress and vulgar manners of some of Kossuth's company. He does not remember that revolutions are not the most "respectable" things in the world. He forgets a certain company which once gathered around the greatest man of whom Biblical history makes mention—the poet-king of Judah. He forgets the company that once surrounded a certain Mr. George Washington, at Valley Forge—men who even appeared on parade without their shoes!—the vulgar fellows. And, from the accounts, some of Washington's officers had to lie in bed while their only shirt was being washed, and doubtless, often made a somewhat ragged and dirty and slovenly appearance.

But, of all things, preserve us from Flunkeydom—from the men who define "Respectability" to consist in "keeping a gig"—who see at a glance that a man is a "gentleman," because he wears a high collar, and patent leather boots." Who cannot tell a great man by reading his glorious words of encouragement and undying hope, or by observing the effect produced by him upon the world; but must wait till they can see what kind of clothes he puts on, and how he wears his beard! Moreover, who want to know first, how he is regarded by the titled simpletons and wealthy noodles of the "first European circles."

That Kossuth is perfect, we do not expect. That he has his coarse actualities that dim the glory of the internal radiance, is simply to say that he is a man. As Carlyle well expresses it: "Alas, the Ideal always has to grow in the Real, and to seek out its bed and board there, often in a very sorry way. No beautifullest Poet is a Bird-of-Paradise, living on perfumes; sleeping in the ether with outspread wings. The Heroic, *independent* of bed and board, is found in Drury-Lane Theatre only; to avoid disappointments let us bear this in mind."

What a pity that those letter-writers had not borne this in mind—but, alas, poor fellows, they could not. They evidently have not the kind of a mind that will bear the weight of noble and generous thoughts. "Respectability" has ousted everything else—except a desire to find out the dark spots in every new sun of glory that floats before their vision. To say the best and prettiest of them, Greatness that is not in exile, Greatness that is acknowledged to be such by the "respectability," and has a title, and money in its pocket, is a kind, and the only kind, that they can appreciate. King David on his throne, they would allow to be a Great Man—the same David, hiding in his cave from the wrath of Saul; or pouring out the water as a sacrifice, which had been brought him at the peril of life; they would have thought a beggarly kind of a fellow, an exile, and a suspicious character.

And, speaking of King David, leads us to remark that there is much resemblance between the style of his genius and greatness, and that of the gifted Hungarian. Kossuth, like David, is eminently a fervid and poetic soul—a prayer delivered by him on the occasion of the burial of a number of Hungarian soldiers, is full of the lyric splendor of David's genius. And yet Kossuth, like David, is also eminently a practical man. That he is not a leader in war like the great captain of Israel, is a simple matter of education. That he would have distinguished himself in the field, as in the forum, if bred to arms, we have no doubt. Had that traitor Gorgey but obeyed his directions after the defeat of the Austrians, to march at once upon Vienna, the result of the contest might have been different.

One charge against Kossuth remains for us to mention—that is, that his conduct and speeches, during his stay on board the Mississippi, were unworthy of him, as calculated to identify him with the Socialists and Red Republicans, and to compromise the American Flag. We have not the time to go into a full discussion of these charges. But we must record our dissent emphatically from the last. It is laughable to find Kossuth blamed because the *people* of every port where the Mississippi stopped, gave vent to the most enthusiastic joy at his presence. And when the boats containing an excited populace flocked around the vessel, greeting with hurrahs the presence of the most popular Liberal of Europe on board an American ship, the commander thought he should be compromising his flag, even by acknowledging their manifestations of joy by *taking off his cap*. Who can wonder that Kossuth should have thought such very careful propriety, unbefitting a naval representative of the great American Republic.

And because Kossuth's presence excited such enthusiasm in the great popular heart, the authorities feared, like some of old, and with about as much reason, that "a tumult would be stirred up"—and so they politely requested Captain Long to leave. And the Captain, instead of laughing in his sleeve, and taking it as a compliment to his country, and his guest,—as it was—felt aggrieved, not at the authorities, *but at Kossuth*; felt that his vessel was being chased out of every port into which she entered. Not sufficient time being given, as he, or some one for him, writes, for him "to get his coals in." Truly sorrowful, was it not, for poor Captain *Long* to be treated thus shortly!

And Kossuth is found fault with—dear reader, we are not inventing this—for not staying down below, out of sight, when the vessel entered these European ports, and hundreds of boats began to flock around it. Why should he stay below? Well might some of his friends complain, that they were as much prisoners as in Asia Minor. Stay below deck, for fear that even the presence of a free spirit might convulse to their fall the rotten governments of Southern Europe. Truly, a modest and consistent request for an American captain to make his illustrious guest!

As to the charge that Kossuth sympathises with the Socialists or Red Republicans of Europe, we have no doubt he sympathises with them more than with the Despots and Reactionists. We are no Socialist or Red Republican, but we would much rather be either, than follow the lead of Francis Joseph, or the King of Naples, or Czar Nicholas. We read that "oppression maketh even wise men mad;" and these European Socialists and Red Republicans have been maddened by the oppression of ages. Many a moderate Republican in America—yes, hundreds of thousands,—would be Red Republicans in Europe, and go for the oppressed righting themselves speedily, and by the "red right hand," if necessary. Cromwell was a Red Republican, when he declared that he would shoot Charles First, if they met in battle, as soon as any other man—and when he brought the head of that faithless and perfidious monarch to the block. We believe not in such hasty methods of righting wrong,—we go even to the extreme for peaceful methods of reform, believing that violence does even justice unjustly, and that peaceful reform is, in the long run, the speediest and surest; but we will not join in a cant of reprobation, originating in the ranks of European Reactionists, against men whose error is not one of treason to freedom and the highest interests of humanity; but, simply, one of judgment, originating in their peculiar position, as oppressed and long-suffering men. As to their being sanguinary monsters, as some picture, let the white records of those short months when they bore rule in France and Rome, be compared with the records of the Reactionary Governments that succeeded them.

And thus, so far as we are concerned, we scatter to the winds these paltry charges against the great leader of Hungary, and say from our inmost soul—God bless Kossuth!

## UTAH.

The last advices from Utah were to the effect that there had been a flare-up between the Mormon Governor, Brigham Young, and the other officers of the Territory who are not Mormons. The result was that the latter—Secretary of State, Judges, &c., &c.—were coming home as fast as their horses' legs could carry them. They charge Governor Young with having appropriated $20,000 of the public money to his own use, and, enjoying the spending of that, being on the scent of $24,000 more in the hands of the Secretary of State. Of course the complaint against, and the reply of the Mormon Governor, will be laid before the next session of Congress. When we hear both sides, we shall be able to judge whether the Saints have been spoiling us Egyptians or not. We have no great faith in the Mormons, but it is so much their interest to play fair with Uncle Sam, that we can hardly conceive of their doing otherwise.

## WOODEN SAILS.

Two Model Yachts with wooden sails are now to be seen in Cowes Harbor, England. The yachts are about six feet long, and the sails are made of thin fir board, the thickness of veneer. A letter from Cowes says: "It surprises every one to see how swiftly they cut along, and how close they sail to the wind with their wooden sails flat aft, or go ahead when boomed out before the wind." The secret of the matter is, that the English boat-builders are trying all manner of experiments in the hope of building something by skill or chance to beat the Yankees.

## MR. THRASHER.

This gentleman, the American editor of a paper recently suppressed at Havana, has been arrested and is shortly to be tried on a charge of treason. One account says, that "the dungeon in which Mr. Thrasher is confined, is a wet hole, in which no man can survive a month." But the accounts are just about as contradictory as regards Mr. Thrasher, as they were respecting the Cuban invasion.

## NEWSPAPER POSTAGE.

We trust the next session of Congress will not pass without a modification of the existing law in reference to the postage of newspapers. The present graduation of the postage according to distance, are, we believe, generally disliked. The people of the thinly-settled frontier States should be encouraged to take the large and well filled city journals, instead of being discouraged. Emigrants, as many of them are, from the Eastern, and nearly all having friends and relatives in the Atlantic States—the grand avenue of intelligence should be thrown open, instead of being blocked up. All who are friends of the Union should encourage the free fraternal intercourse between the Atlantic, Mississippi, and Pacific States. Such intercourse is absolutely needed to aid in making us a homogeneous people—the greatest security for the permanence of the Union. The present post-office law, as respects newspapers, is only worthy of some "penny wise, pound foolish" genius. We hope that individual is not the Postmaster General, for we should have but little respect for him if we thought so.

And yet, with the most urgent necessity of keeping up the communication of thought and feeling between the Atlantic, Mississippi, and Pacific States, see how enormous is the postage between the first and the last, especially in the case of transient papers. Something of especial interest appears in a Boston, Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, Richmond, Charleston or Savannah paper—but, before it can be sent to those whom it would interest in California or Oregon, ten cents must be paid; about double the cost of the paper itself. To Texas, eight or ten cents must be paid from the Northern cities. And thus all that valuable and friendly intercourse of relatives and acquaintances in different sections of the Union, by means of their newspapers, is broken off by the present perverse and intolerable post-office arrangements. Said we not well that the author of this law was "a penny wise, pound foolish" genius?

And so with the law respecting the quarterly prepayment by subscribers. This is well enough as a general rule—but interpreted as it has been by the Postmaster-General, with the utmost degree of strictness, it also needs amendment. If a subscriber now has occasion to change his place of residence for a month, he cannot receive his paper unless he pays either three months' postage, or sends on the money to the publisher to pay for it in advance at the heavy transient rates. What double-distilled nonsense and folly is this! *It is more like one of those* European regulations, apparently designed to perplex and harass the people, than a law of the Republican United States.

And we may remark here, that the decisions of the Postmaster-General, under the new law, so far as we have observed them, appear dictated by a rather unfriendly feeling than otherwise to the cause of literature and mental improvement. We say "appear" to be so dictated, for we would be cautious in pronouncing at present a positive judgment in this respect. We wait for the next report of this functionary before coming to a positive decision upon his capability and largeness of views. If said report recommends a continuance of the existing system as applied to newspaper postage, in disregard of its notorious inconveniences, vexations, and unpopularity, we shall feel that the cause of literature has but little to hope for at the hands of the present Postmaster-General.

What is needed in respect to the postage of newspapers is simply one of these: A postage of half-a-cent within each State, and one cent to all other parts of the Union; or, making no distinction as to the State in which the paper is published, a general postage of one cent, or half-a-cent, (we care not which,) to any place within the limits of the United States. Then combine with either of the above, the present exemption of postage, so far as weekly papers are concerned, within a reasonable distance, say 50 or 100 miles, of the office of publication—and a provision for the prepayment of *transient* papers, by the sender, at the rates of the regular or subscription papers—and you have a law such as is needed by the wants of the press and of the country.

## CALIFORNIA SHIPMENTS.

We have heard of a good many singular shipments to California, but the recent speculation of a gentleman of this city, rather "caps the climax." We are informed that the gentleman in question—who is somewhat famous among his friends for the number of irons he always contrives to have in the fire—after great deliberation and profound consideration as to the wants of the California market, thought of one article which it was not at all likely any regular shipper had dreamed of sending, and which would therefore encounter no competition, but meet with a ready and advantageous sale. Whether the individual referred to, who is rather a corpulent gentleman, is himself specially fond of the article in question, we are unable to say; but certainly the indications are in that direction.—But, to make a long story short, the result of the matter was, the purchase and shipment of a number of barrels of that famous Dutch esculent, Sourkrout.

We regret to add that the result of the speculation by no means comported, as we are informed, with the profound sagacity that dictated it. Whether owing to there being but few Germans in California, or to a stomachic perversity only equalled by the other perverted notions that prevail in that land of gold, or to the result of some great conflagration which eagerly licked up with its million tongues of flame what the bad taste of the people of the Pacific coast had refused—whether owing to any or to all of these causes, we know not; but we have learned that the result was a total loss of the amount originally invested in the Sourkrout, and between twenty and thirty dollars besides. We may not be correct in all the particulars, but we have told the tale as it was told to us; and our readers will acknowledge that it contains a well-timed warning against all speculative shipments to California—for if a man like Mr. A. could make such a mistake, and in such a peculiar and original speculation, what hope can Messrs. B. C. or D. have, who rashly engage in the ordinary and stereotyped adventures of commerce?

As a fitting pendant to the above warning, we copy from a San Francisco paper, the following circular to California shippers, from the eminent and very extensive San Francisco house of "Quiz & Co.:"

*Messrs. California Shippers and Speculators:*

Gentlemen—Since our respects of June 1st, 966,654 more of your elegantly selected and beautifully assorted invoices of merchandise have come to hand, and most of them have been sold at a slight loss of from twenty-five to fifty per cent.

The regular fire of the 14th of June, was postponed until the 22nd, "on account of the weather," and was then, by accident, arrested so early as to prevent our closing out your entire lot of invoices. Some articles which have advanced above cost and charges we have charged to our own account, and shall forward you account sales early in "the Spring." A few desirable articles—such as buckets and brooms—we have stored on your account, at the very low rate of $2 50 per ton per month. A regular fire is expected January 4th, and at farthest we expect to close out the balance of your consignments by the anniversary fire of May 4th, and shall at our earliest convenience thereafter forward you final account sales, drawing on you at sight for the balance.

We are happy in being able to note a perfectly transparent state of our market—a delightful fluctuation in prices—and a "mighty uncertainty" in regard to payments.

We are glad to learn that money is in great demand with you, and beg to note for your particular gratification, the daily increasing abundance of the genuine circulating medium here. We contemplate making a small shipment of some two million dollars by each steamer for investment in fancy stocks.

Your clipper ships have been extremely fortunate in bringing only a few articles but what would sell for enough to pay freight, which is a great improvement on the shipments of last season. Most of them have cleared for China, and will undoubtedly be able, either to load on your account with Exchange at from twenty to thirty per cent. discount, or take freight for Europe or the States at two or three dollars per ton.

The balance of your vessels still lie here closely stowed together on the mud-flats in front of the city; and we would recommend their remaining where they now are, as it will save us the trouble and expense of filling up the bay with sand.

The news from the Mining Districts is very disheartening—the common laborers are actually becoming independent—and positively refuse to buy such articles as they do not want, or such as are of no earthly use. Many are so obstinate that they persist in living on fresh beef and game, instead of consuming the stock of pork and molasses. In some districts there is not a supply of more than six pair of boots and shoes to each inhabitant, and yet, strange as it may seem, you cannot force them to buy more, notwithstanding we pursue a strictly cash system.

We would advise you to despatch immediately some five hundred more of your vessels with cargoes. Unless we have some fresh arrivals soon we fear that seamen's wages will decline. We forbear making suggestions with regard to future shipments, and will only say "go it while you are young."

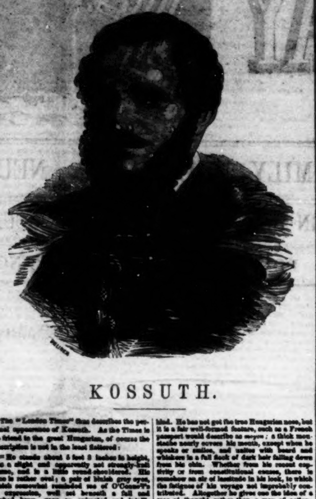
Trusting this will fully satisfy you with regard to your prospects here, and induce you to "die game,"

We beg to remain, gentlemen,
Your much obliged servants,
QUIZ & CO.

## NEW MEXICO.

At the last advices there had been several murders of Americans by New Mexicans, great disagreement between the two races, and considerable excitement generally. Governor Calhoun was accused by the Americans of leaning too much towards the New Mexicans. It is difficult, from the telegraphic advices, to get at the bottom of the matter. A civil war was feared.

## Our Portrait Gallery.



## KOSSUTH.

The "London Times" thus describes the personal appearance of Kossuth. As the Times is no friend to the great Hungarian, of course the description is not in the least flattered:

"He stands about 5 feet 8 inches in height, has a slight and apparently not strongly-knit frame, and is a little round-shouldered. His face is rather oval; a pair of bluish grey eyes, which somewhat reminded me of O'Connell's in expression, well set beneath a full and arched brow, gave an animated and intelligent look to his countenance. His forehead, high and broad, is deeply wrinkled, and time has just begun to grizzle a head of straight dark hair, and to leave a bald spot behind. He has not got the true Hungarian nose, but it is a fair well-formed feature, such as a French passport would describe as *moyen*; a thick moustache nearly covers his mouth, except when he speaks or smiles, and unites with beard and whiskers in a full flock of dark hair falling down from his chin. Whether from his recent captivity or from constitutional causes, there is somehow an air of lassitude in his look, to which the fatigues of his voyage not improbably contributed. Altogether he gives one the idea of a man of thought rather than a man of action; there is a speculative air in his face, mingled with a degree of melancholy, which would mark him for a visionary or theoretical enthusiast rather than for a great leader or a soldier."

## RECEPTION IN ENGLAND.

The reception of Kossuth in England has been worthy the English nation and the man. His speech at Southampton showed the wonderful tact of the orator, being precisely adapted to the English mind—clear, practical and marked by strong common sense. It had already produced a wonderful revulsion of feeling—even the conservatives being completely won by it. That Kossuth is not a fanatic in Republicanism, the following passage proves:

M Kossuth begged to take the opportunity of again thanking his English and American friends for their cordial sympathy on behalf of his unhappy country. He complimented England upon her monarchical and liberal institutions, and America upon her well-earned independence and constitutional republicanism. The name was nothing; it was the nature of the institutions and the spirit of the people which gave them their true value. There were differences of position, of history, and of internal government, which rendered one kind of institution acceptable to one people, and another form of government to another, but the spirit of all was the same, if the people were to be free; and that was the principle which, if established upon a solid basis, as in England and the United States, was indispensable to freedom, social order, and the welfare of the people. (Loud cheers.) As regarded his unfortunate country, he trusted in God and in the generous sympathies of the free people of that country. If they could only insure the acknowledgment of the sovereign right even of people to dispose of themselves, the independence of Hungary would be secured.

A letter from a "distinguished American" to the New York Times, says that it was Kossuth's intention to remain in England ten days, and come to the United States in one of the steam-packets. The following is an extract from the letter:

> LONDON, Friday, Oct. 24, 1851.
>
> * * * Kossuth has arrived. His admirable discourse at Southampton, which is in the Times of this morning, has produced to-day an immense sensation. * * There may be some feeling in America on account of Kossuth coming first to Southampton; but long before the Mississippi was sent, he had made arrangements for putting his children to school here, Mr. Cobden having kindly offered to take charge of his daughter. It was to settle his wife and children as he had all along proposed to do, that he wished to touch at Southampton, and one would suppose that the public feeling of the United States would censure either the Captain, who refused to bring him here and wait three days for him, or the Secretary of the Navy, if this act were caused by the stringent instructions to the Captain. Mr. Secretary Walker, who is here, blames the Captain much, declaring that England, by her efforts, had done enough, (apart from considerations of his family,) to justify Kossuth in stopping here a few days on his way to America. He proposes now to remain ten days, and then take one of the packet steamers.

It shows the good sense of Kossuth, that in England, he has declined all partisan demonstrations of respect, on the broad principle of doing nothing which could be construed by malevolence into an unseemly interference in the domestic concerns of a country not his own, and which had generously afforded him protection and hospitality.

## IRON RAIL CAR.

An iron railroad car has recently been constructed in New York, which bids fair, it is thought, to take the place of the wooden ones. Its advantages are said to be these: its great cheapness and its lightness as compared to the cost and weight of the wooden car; the great saving in the wearing-out of the rail, consequent upon its extreme lightness; its durability, "never wearing out," so to speak; and the superior safety and security it affords. A correspondent of the Boston Post says:

> It is not easy to conceive how one of these "wrought iron cars," if thrown from a track, could be broken to pieces, or how it could be destroyed *entirely* by collision of trains. Some portions of the car might be, but those pieces could be immediately replaced by others; whereas, if a wood car is damaged *much* it is a total ruin. Besides, there are no *splinters* to be thrown in crushing this car, by which so many lives are lost and limbs maimed. The concussion, too, in any event, would not be so dead a stroke, for iron has an elasticity which does not belong to wood, when put into cabinet form. Moreover, it is alleged that the superior lightness and elasticity of this car would admit of carrying a vastly greater number of passengers on the same wheels, and with less propelling power. It is said, too, that the elliptical spring chair is to be applied not only to the *body* of the car, but to the *seats* of the passengers, thus securing greater comfort to travellers, and in the event of a collision, these springs would yield and give, so that the jolt, the jar, the shock would not be so severely felt.

So far, so good—but the disadvantages of a new thing are not often known till it is tried—We remember the iron boats, a few years ago, were to supersede all others—and now it is questioned whether they will do to use at all.

## THE IRISH EXILES.

An effort is now being made in this city, which is warmly supported by almost all our prominent politicians of both political parties, to induce the President of the United States to interpose the friendly offices of our Government, for the purpose of obtaining, as a matter of humanity, from the Government of Great Britain, the release of William Smith O'Brien and his compatriots now exiled as convicts in Australia. As Great Britain interposed with Turkey in aid of Kossuth, the contemplated interposition by the United States would be following somewhat "in the footsteps of our illustrious predecessor." Of course the movement is to be entirely friendly and courteous—in fact, any other would defeat its own aim.

## GONE HOME.

The Rev. Father Mathew left New York on Saturday last for his home in Ireland, by the Collins Steamship Pacific. A large concourse of people assembled at the wharf and cheered him as he passed on board the vessel. May prosperous gales attend him on his passage.

## ARRIVED.

The U. S. Steam Frigate Mississippi arrived at New York on the 10th, in 25 days from Gibraltar, having on board forty-two (including children) of the refugees who left Turkey with Kossuth. The Mississippi was received with salutes from the forts and men of war in port.

## PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Our readers will perceive by an advertisement on the third page, that the time will be reduced after December 1st, between this city and Pittsburg, to twenty-four hours. There will then be only twenty-eight miles of staging, over an excellent turnpike.

## REV. J. LORD'S LECTURES.

Mr. Lord, who lectured so acceptably in this city last Winter, has commenced a new course upon the Heroes of the Reformation. He will deliver six lectures—upon Gustavus Adolphus, and the Thirty Years' War; John Calvin, and Primitive Christianity; Henry IV., or, France and the Huguenots; Thomas Cranmer, and the English Church; Oliver Cromwell and the Puritans; and George Fox and his Society. These Lectures are intended to show the different aspects and developments of Protestantism in different countries, and bid fair to be of great interest.—They will be delivered at the Hall of the University.

## Foreign Items.

Kossuth had arrived at Southampton, where his reception was most affecting and enthusiastic; as it was, indeed, by the whole population. He proceeded with the Mayor to his office in a carriage, the carriage being decorated with the Hungarian, American and English colors entwined. Here he was introduced to the people, and made a speech from the balcony, which was greeted with deafening cheers. Madame Kossuth was also introduced, and received with great enthusiasm, as were also their children.

At four o'clock, accompanied by the Mayor, the American Consul, and many gentlemen of distinction, he proceeded to the Town Hall, where he was formally introduced to the members of the corporation and citizens. Addresses on the part of the corporation and citizens of Southampton were presented to him, to which he replied with much feeling and appropriateness.

The Hungarian flag wrought at New York, was then presented to Kossuth, by Mr. Croskey, the American Consul; and receiving it, he said with much apparent emotion—"I receive it, gentlemen, as a most valuable gift entrusted by you to the people of Hungary, and I swear by it to do whatever may be my fate. Cowardice or ambition shall never tarnish this flag."

He spent the night at the house of the Mayor, and the next morning proceeded to the Mayor's private residence, at Winchester. The people of the villages on the road turned out in immense crowds to see and welcome him, and at every point he was received with the most enthusiastic cheers. He would stay a few days at Winchester. On Tuesday, he made a private visit to London, (in a former portion of the despatch, it is stated to be Monday,) but returned the next day to attend the banquet to be given him at Southampton, and at which the Hon. Abbott Lawrence, Ex-Secretary Walker and others, were expected to be present.

An interesting incident occurred at the Mayor's residence on Friday. Two caskets of jewels belonging to Madame Kossuth had been lost during the insurrectionary war in Hungary, and were given up as lost. It seemed, however, that somehow or other they had been recovered by Madame Pulszky, who on Friday had the gratification of restoring them to their right owner. The jewels it is said, are worth from 3,000 to £4,000.

A deputation of a committee of workingmen had invited Kossuth to a banquet in London, which, however he had declined, on account of his short stay in the country. He had many suggestions to make, and wished to meet and speak with all classes, giving cause of offence to none by seeming partiality.

A story is current in regard to the threat of Austria to break off intercourse, but Lord Palmerston had assured Lord Dudley Stuart that he would give Kossuth no official interview.

The Address of the Corporation of London was to be presented to Kossuth, at Guild Hall, on Thursday, the 30th.

All further search for Sir John Franklin appears to have been given up for the present.

At a Council held by the Queen, on the 24th, Parliament was ordered to be further prorogued from the 4th of November to the 25th of January.

Mr. George Peabody, of London, had given a splendid entertainment to the American exhibitors. Lord Granville, Sir Henry Bulwer, Hon. Abbot Lawrence, and numerous other distinguished persons were present. Mr. Bulwer delivered a speech highly complimentary to America, which was received by the company present, with the utmost enthusiasm.

The Duchess of Angoulême, daughter of Louis XVI., died on the 19th of October, leaving two millions of francs to her nephew, the Compte de Chambord.

The Royal Commissioners have voted £5,000 to Mr. Paxton, the designer of the Crystal Palace. Messrs. Paxton, Fox and Corbitt have been knighted by the Queen.

A new Ministry of Bonapartist tendencies has been appointed by Louis Napoleon. The gentlemen forming the new Ministry are considered to present as good a guarantee for the maintenance of good order, as the preceding cabinet. The Bourse was scarcely affected by the change, whilst quiet reigns in Paris.

The accounts from the Departments are far from tranquillizing.

A manifesto from the Prince de Joinville, putting forth his claims for the Presidency, is immediately expected. Also, one from General Changarnier is looked for.

The Prefect of Creuse has suspended the Mayor of Royere, for presiding at a patriotic banquet given by the Representatives of the Mountain.

The Madrid Gazette publishes a *concordat* concluded between Pope Pio Nino and the Queen of Spain.

ILLNESS OF THE POPE.—Pope Pio Nino is lying quite ill. His death has been rumored, but contradicted.

A Vienna letter states that the Austrian Cabinet recently addressed a note to the British and French Governments, in reply to the protest against Austria entering with all the States into the Germanic Confederation. The letter asserts that Austria denies the right of France and England to interfere in this question, and states that she will recognize no other judge than the Diet, if she would call for a decision on the subject.

The Liverpool cotton market, for the week ending Friday, Oct. 24th, showed a fair demand, but prices were weak and irregular. Holders were pressing the stock upon the market, and a decline of ⅛ a ¼ had been submitted to. Sea Island was scarce and dearer. Breadstuffs had also fallen.

We take the following interesting and amusing items from the Paris correspondence of the Ledger:—

It is said by those who pretend to know something of the matter, that Jenny Lind has made her last bid to [illegible] at Paris this winter. The Parisian papers are for the first time teeming with notices of her.

The French papers make great fun of the [illegible] of Swedish Nightingale and Irish [illegible].

This afternoon (Oct. 16) a man is advertised to fly with a pair of artificial wings, from the top of the [illegible] to the Champ de Mars, the distance of [illegible]. A horse is at the same time to be raised in a balloon and dropped in a parachute.

Petin, the inventor and maker of the immense machine for navigating the air, it is reported, has finally obtained permission to make his ascension from the Champ-de-Mars, which he will do at an early opportunity.

My eye has just fallen upon a Lyons paper of yesterday, with the following article—

DUEL BETWEEN LOLA MONTES AND DR. VERON.—We have received the following challenge to single combat from the celebrated M'lle Lola Montes, addressed to an influential member of the Parisian Press—

*To M. Veron, Editor and Proprietor of the Constitutionnel;*

SIR—Within the last two months your journal has published two articles in relation to me.—The first does not mention me by name, but the reader of the least intelligence may perceive that it is I of whom you speak; and to rid yourself of the responsibility, you profess to have copied your article from an English journal! English writers, sir, are not so perfidious.

The second article (a Belgian forgery) bears my name, and gives me the right to compel you to insert in your journal my reply to your pleasantries, of extremely bad taste, and which I am not aware of having done anything to merit.

1. I do not understand swimming, sir; but had I the desire to learn, you might well be my teacher, *politically*—(the word in French means as well, *to trim to the wind*.)

2nd. My "correspondence with certain high personages" is quite worth your own, *tragically*. (Rachel is admired by the editor.)

3rd. As to poignards and pistols, I do not understand their use, but your journal makes use of baser arms, those of falsehood, ridicule and perfidy.

Finally, sir, if you continue, I shall be under the necessity of sending you my card and my seconds, to put an end to your ridiculous animosity; but having, as the injured party, the choice of weapons, I will be more loyal than yourself in the combat.

I offer you, then, the choice of arms with which you are more familiar than with pistols and swords. I offer you the choice of *two pills*, placed in one of your own boxes, of which one shall be poisoned and the other not.*

I am, sir, your ob't serv't,
LOLA MONTES.

In representation at Lyons, Oct. 15, 1851.

Thus stands the war, political and terpsichoreal. Dr. Veron is the responsible author of what appears as the cause of the challenge, though he could not have written it. It is not his style.

The Church of Rome has concluded its matters with Spain as follows:

To allow no Protestantism in Spain.

To have taxes laid to pay for the Church property. Spiritual, this.

From one of the Departments in France, a Protestant clergyman writes—that the colporteurs have been forbidden to distribute the Bible—the law being against immoral books!

Ca ira. W. H. F.

* Mr. Veron, the rich proprietor of the Constitutionnel, made the money to found his journal, by the sale of his above-mentioned quack medicine, called "Regnault Pills."

## New Publications.

### NEW BOOKS.

The following new publications are upon our table—some of which we may notice at greater length hereafter:

THE PRACTICAL COTTON SPINNER, AND MANUFACTURER. A comprehensive system of calculations for Mill Gearing and Machinery, from the primary moving power, through the different processes of Carding, Drawing, Slubbing, Roving, Spinning and Weaving. With the recent improvements in machinery. To which are added compendious tables of yarns and reeds for Silk, Linen, Worsted and Wool. By R. Scott. Corrected and enlarged, with plates of American Machines, by Oliver Byrne, Civil, Military and Mechanical Engineer. Published by Henry Carey Baird, Philada. Apparently a very useful work.

THE POCKET FORMULARY, AND SYNOPSIS OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN PHARMACOPŒIAS. Comprising standard and approved formulæ for the preparations and compounds employed in Medical Practice. By Henry Beasley. First American from the last London edition, corrected, improved and enlarged. Published by Lindsay & Blakiston, at their new store, No. 25 South Sixth street, above Chestnut, Phila.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS. We have received another number of the American reprint of this periodical. For sale by T. B Peterson, Philadelphia.

THE WOODBINE: A Holiday Gift. Edited by Caroline May. A token of the approaching holidays, containing eight pretty engravings. Published by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

THE SOUTHERN LADIES COMPANION. The November number contains the usual amount and character of literary matter.

THE MEDICAL EXAMINER, for November, contains articles on Scarlet Fever, Medical Inhalation, &c. Published by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

THE AMERICAN WHIG REVIEW, for this month, contains a portrait of Leslie Coombs, of Kentucky, and articles on Political Responsibilities, Kossuth, &c.

WOMAN IN HER VARIOUS RELATIONS. Containing Practical Rules for American Females; The Best Methods for Dinner and Social Parties; Hints at the Body, Mind, and Character, &c., &c. By Mrs. L. G. Abell. New York: William Holdredge. For sale by J. & J. L. Gihon, Philadelphia.

THRILLING STORIES OF THE OCEAN. By Marmaduke Park. A work well calculated to interest the young. Published by C. G. Henderson & Co., Philadelphia.

LEGENDS OF THE FLOWERS. By Susan Pindar, author of "Fireside Fairies," &c. A pretty little work for children. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by C. G. Henderson, Philadelphia.

CHRISTY'S PLANTATION MELODIES, containing his popular negro melodies of "Lucy Long," "Lucy Neal," "Oh, Mr. Coon," &c.

OVID. Another of the Classical Series by Drs. Schmitz and Zumpt. Published by Blanchard & Lea, Philadelphia.

MR. SEWARD'S ARGUMENT IN THE TRIAL AT DETROIT. This able argument in a very singular case has been published by Derby & Miller, Auburn, New York.

CATECHISM OF FAMILIAR THINGS. By Emily Elizabeth Willement. Carefully revised by an American Teacher. Published by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia. A book containing much useful information for the benefit of families and schools.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS. From Messrs Crosby & Nichols, of Boston, we have received the following little works for children: "Lucy's Canary," "Annie and the Elves," "The Princess Unca," "Edwin, the Young Rabbit Fancier," "The Child's Morning Book," and "Christmas Eve." For sale by E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia.

CECILIA HOWARD; OR, THE YOUNG LADY WHO HAD FINISHED HER EDUCATION. By T. S. Arthur. A reprint of an old, and, we believe, well written story of Mr. Arthur's. Published by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

THE FIFTEEN DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE WORLD; FROM MARATHON TO WATERLOO. By E. S. Creasy, M. A., Professor of Ancient and Modern History in University College, London. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia. A very interesting volume, treating not of battles as mere sanguinary contests, but as affecting the destiny of mankind and the drama of the world.

THE SCALPEL. A Journal of Health for the People—in which the editor, Dr. Dixon, endeavors to expose Professional quackery. It is a vigorous and independent publication.

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FROM MEXICO.—We have dates from the city of Mexico to the 16th of September. The British Minister had an official interview with President Arista, at which he demanded an early and final answer to Lord Palmerston's despatches. It is reported that it is the intention of the British agents to blockade the ports of Mexico, unless a satisfactory answer is given.

☞ The stories of the discovery of gold in abundance in Lower California, are said to be void of truth.

☞ A Mrs. Davy, giving evidence to character in the case of a woman charged with theft, said she was "a decent, honest, drunken creature."

☞ We read in a Madrid letter of the 29th ultimo:—"Yesterday, as Queen Isabella was passing through the street of the arsenal, she met a procession proceeding with the Host to the house of a sick person. She immediately alighted, and insisted upon the priest entering her carriage. She followed on foot; and, notwithstanding her advanced state of pregnancy, ascended the stairs with the priest to the bedside of the dying patient."

☞ TO BE INVENTED.—Among the things that are wanted by everybody is a substitute for pen and ink. It seems that a single instrument ought to perform the function, and that fluid ink may be dispensed with. Cannot some substance be found, simple or compound, that will make an indelible mark upon paper, being hard enough also to hold a fine point? Or cannot paper be so prepared, without great addition of expense, as to aid the purpose?—*Scientific American.*

## Clippings.

> There is a Reaper whose name is Death,
> And, with his sickle keen,
> He cuts the bearded grain at a breath,
> And the flowers that grow between.
> He looks at the flowers with tearful eyes,
> He kisses their drooping leaves;
> It is for the Lord of Paradise
> He binds them in his sheaves.
> And the mother gave, with tears and pain,
> The flowers she most did love;
> She knew she should find them all again
> In the fields of light above.—Longfellow.

☞ Have the courage to tell a man why you will not lend him your money; he will respect you more than if you tell him you can't. Have the courage to wear your old garments till you can pay for new ones. Have the courage to make a will, and, what is more, a just one. Have the courage to pass the bottle without filling your glass, and to laugh at those who urge you to the contrary.

☞ TO CURE A FELON.—Take one tablespoonful of red lead, and one tablespoonful of castile soap, mix them with as much weak lye as will make it soft enough to spread like a salve, and apply it on the first appearance of the felon, and it will cure it in ten or twelve hours.

☞ A very pretty milliner, living near Rochester, who had made very free with several married men in that vicinity, was recently seized by the indignant wives, and ducked in a mill-pond.

☞ CASES OF SASSERARA.—A Judge of Marquette county, (Wis.) gives notice "that in cases except *sasserara*, eight days' notice of trial must be given." This is Wisconsinese law Latin for *certiorari*.

☞ "Does anybody want some first-rate fresh eggs for three cents a dozen?" inquired a wag, on entering a shop full of workmen, one morning. There was at once a general response of "I do," "And I, too," "I'll take a lot," &c., from a dozen eager voices. "Well," blandly remarked the wag, after they had all got through, "I'm going to market to purchase some eggs, and if I find any for sale at that price, I will call and let you know."

☞ There was formerly a sect in Kentucky, known as the "*Live Forevers*," the principal feature of whose creed was, that its faithful disciples would never die. As there are none of them left, it is to be presumed that they all departed from the faith.

☞ M. B——, of Frankfort, who was married to an actress, and was also engaged as a writer for a journal called *Le Nouville de Conversation*, was sent for by the principal editor. "My dear sir," said the latter, "some one has sent me five louis, on condition that I write an article against your wife. There is the letter—read it." M. B——, having perused the letter, said, with the utmost gravity, "Well, five louis is too much to throw away, and as nobody knows a wife's faults so well as her husband, give me the money, and I will write the article." The bargain was made, and in the next number of the journal a most severe article appeared against the lady.

☞ The old Irish cry of "Ireland for the Irish," will soon be lulled, and heard no more; for, if the emigration keeps up its present enormous rate, there will soon be not a single Irishman left in Ireland, and the cry must be changed to "Ireland for the English," or any one who chooses to live in it."

☞ A few days since, a dunner called on a young gentleman and presented him a bill, when he was somewhat taken aback by the gent taking him aside, and blandly saying, "My dear sir, call next Thursday, and I'll tell you when to call again."

☞ Cities give not the human senses room enough. We should go out daily and nightly to feed the eyes on the horizon, and require so much scope, just as we need water for our bath.

☞ Rice has been cultivated more than 150 years in South Carolina. It was planted there in 1695, and has been grown every year since that time.

☞ The papers in New Orleans are boasting of a great day's work in cotton-picking, at Desha Place Plantation, near South Bend, Arkansas.—The total amount picked was 29,350 lbs., or an average of 363¼ lbs. to each hand.

☞ REDBUGS UNLAWFUL.—It has been decided by an English Court, that a house infested with bugs is not tenantable, and a landlord cannot hold a tenant responsible for the rent, if the latter throws up the lease in consequence of the premises being too densely populated with vermin.

☞ A travelling quack dentist in and about New York is persuading the ignorant to allow him to cleanse their teeth from tartar, &c., with his preparation, which is nothing but sulphuric acid, and is certain destruction to the teeth.

☞ A lady of fashion stepped into a shop not long since and asked the keeper if he had any *matrimonial baskets*, she being too polite to say *cradles*.

☞ Nothing can furnish a better evidence of the benefits derived from labor-saving machinery, than the reduction of price in the working of flooring-boards. When machines were first introduced, $25 per thousand was the cost. The Woodworth Patent effected a reduction to about $10, and now, owing to the perfection to which the machines have been brought, the charge is reduced to about $3.

☞ Murder is committed by many a tailor about town upon a coat; and what is the worst of it, the poor coat *hangs miserably* afterwards, and not the tailor.

☞ TO-MORROW.—The day on which idle men work, and fools reform.

☞ A LIBEL SUIT.—A physician in Wendell, Mass., has lately recovered $131 damages of a man, for having said—"Dr. —— is a d——d scoundrel, and is round killing folks. He has killed my wife, and one other of my family. My wife would have been alive now, but for him."

☞ A jury, at East Cambridge, Mass., have given Edward Taylor $156 damages against a Railroad Company, for being ejected from the Woburn branch train on the 4th of July, 1850, because, not having purchased a ticket at the depot, he refused to pay the difference established by the by-laws of the company.

☞ The cutting of bars of iron or pipes with the chisel is a laborious and tardy process. By the following mode the same end is accomplished more speedily, easily and neatly: Bring the iron to a white heat, and then fixing it in a vice, apply the common saw, which, without being turned on the edge or injured in any respect, divides it as easily as if it were a carrot!

☞ Sheridan had a very convenient formula for getting rid of all the new publications that were constantly sent to him: "Dear, sir, I have received your exquisite work, and I have no doubt I shall be delighted *after* I have read it."

☞ Judge Thornton, of Alabama, whose hand was amputated in consequence of a wound received by striking Chancellor Clark in the mouth, has also had to submit to amputation of the arm, in order to save his life.

☞ A silver mine is reported by the Maysville, Ky., Post Boy to have been discovered recently in Bracken Co., in that State, and has proved, upon exploration, to be an extensive and productive deposit. It is now being worked with great success.

☞ The silver taken from the "Jefferson (Va.) Silver Mine," turns out to be milk quartz, or silex.

# POSTSCRIPT.

KOSSUTH COMING.—It is understood that Kossuth sailed from England for America in the steamer of last Saturday. It is said that Mayor Kingland has received a letter from Kossuth, stating such to be his intention. The reported misunderstanding between Kossuth and Capt. Long, of the frigate Mississippi, is said to be denied by the latter. Captain Long probably begins to find himself in a "tight place."

MASSACHUSETTS.—The returns indicate that the Whigs will be badly defeated. The Coalition (Democrats and Free Soilers) have gained, so far, greatly. The returns also indicate the defeat of the Convention to amend the Constitution.

FROM HAYTI.—We have dates from Port-au-Prince to the 23rd of September. The Emperor of Hayti had complied with the demand of the agents of France, England, and the United States, and concluded a truce with the Dominicans. By the terms of the truce a year's notice is to be given of the commencement of hostilities. This measure will tend greatly to enhance the property of the Island.

FROM HAVANA.—Mr. Thrasher was still confined on the 18th, in the fortress of Punta. His brother had been arrested on the 31st, and imprisoned. It is rumored that an autograph letter from General Lopez has been discovered in Mr. Thrasher's office, implicating his brother and others, and to this the arrest of the brother is attributed.

IMPORTANT FROM WASHINGTON.—It is reported that the Spanish Minister demands under the instructions of his Government, that our Government shall invite back the Spanish Consul who fled from New Orleans during the Cuban excitement in that city; that he be brought back in an American naval vessel; that our Government salute his Consulate flag raised on board the vessel; and that his effects and the effects of other Spanish subjects destroyed by the mob, be restored. In the event of our Government refusing to make this apology, Senor Calderon de la Barca, the Spanish Minister at Washington, is instructed by his Government, to demand his passports, and we suppose the American prisoners are not to be released.

We learn that Mr. Webster refuses to make the required apology in such a shape.

## The Markets.

### PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

SATURDAY, Nov. 8, 1851.

REMARKS.—There have been but few changes in the market during the past week, and business generally has been very quiet. Breadstuffs, with the exception of Wheat, have been exceedingly dull, and prices of Flour have declined. The receipts of Cotton from the South are increasing; the demand has been limited, and prices have ruled somewhat irregularly. In Groceries and Provisions the transactions have been on a very restricted scale; the season for the latter is about over, and the stocks of all descriptions are materially reduced. Money is more abundant, and loans can be effected on more favorable terms than have prevailed for some time past. Exchange on England rules at 109a110½.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The Flour market has been excessively dull and inactive, and prices are 6¼a12½c per bbl lower. Sales of 6,000 barrels good brands, including Brandywine, part at $3,87½, and part at $3,81¼, including some extra at $4,37½. For city consumption prices range from $3,87½ up to $4,62½ for common and extra brands, as in quality. Rye Flour is very scarce. A small sale at $3,37½. But little Corn Meal offering; 4a500 barrels fresh ground sold at $3,25 per bbl.

The quantity of Flour and Meal inspected during the week ending the 6th inst., comprised—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Wheat Flour, | bbls | 13173 |
| do. | half bbls | 426 |
| Rye Flour, | bbls | 11 |
| Corn Meal, | bbls | 778 |

GRAIN.—The receipts of Wheat have been small, and prices are fully maintained. Sales of 22,000 bushels good and prime red at 80a81c per bushel, but mostly at the latter rate, and prime white at 89 cts, including some at a higher rate. Rye is taken on arrival for distilling at 70c per bushel. Corn has been exceedingly dull, but at the close prices are firmer. Sales of 21,000 bushels good and prime yellow at 60a60c; white 58, new 56, and slightly damaged at 56a57c. Oats are in steady demand; 8,000 bushels prime Southern sold at 34a35c per bushel.

PROVISIONS.—Pork is dull. We quote Mess at $16,25, and Prime at $13,25 per bbl. Beef sells only in small lots for ship stores. Bacon is in limited request. Small sales of Hams at 9a11c. Sides 10½a10¾, and Shoulders at 8a8½c. Lard is held at 9½a10½c per lb in bbls and kegs. In Butter and Cheese no change.

AMERICAN FABRICS.—Business is gradually becoming less active, both among the Commission and Jobbing houses, but prices remain without change.

BARK.—The receipts of Quercitron Bark have been small, and holders are firm; small sales of No 1 at $25 per ton. No Tanners' Bark arriving.

BEESWAX.—Continues very scarce; small sales of good Yellow at 26c per lb, cash.

CANDLES.—The demand continues limited for all descriptions at our former quotations.

COAL.—Supplies continue to come forward freely, both from the Schuylkill and Lehigh Mines.—There is a good demand for shipment and an increased inquiry for city consumption, in consequence of the cold weather, but prices are unchanged.

COFFEE.—The demand has become less active, but prices are fair and the stock is small. Sales of 1,500 bags Rio and Laguayra at 8½a9 cts per lb, on time.

COPPER is dull. Small sales of English Sheathing at 21c, and Yellow Metal at 16½a17c per lb, 6 months.

COTTON.—The receipts are increasing. The demand has been limited, and prices have ruled somewhat irregularly. Sales of 650 bales Upland and New Orleans at 9a10½c per lb, on time.

The following is a statement of the receipts and stocks of Cotton at the shipping ports, from 1st Sept. to dates:

| | Receipts. | | Stocks. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | 1851. | 1850. | 1851. | 1850. |
| N. Orl'ns, Oct. 21, | 150,418 | 84,294 | 97,973 | 61,899 |
| Mobile, Oct. 24, | 7,626 | 14,666 | 27,364 | 10,944 |
| Savannah, Oct. 15, | 8,834 | 22,948 | 6,432 | 15,617 |
| Charleston, Oct. 16, | 28,947 | 32,269 | 14,371 | 20,612 |
| Florida, Sept 24, | 290 | 131 | 273 | 403 |
| Texas, Sept. 21, | 407 | 291 | 466 | 18 |
| Virginia, Sept. 22, | | 196 | 620 | 1,090 |
| N. Carolina, Oct. 4, | 38 | 365 | 190 | 150 |
| Other places, Oct. 10, | | | 21,841 | 25,599 |
| Total bales, | 204,787 | 155,823 | 169,474 | 135,712 |

DRUGS AND DYES.—But little doing, and prices are unchanged. Sales of Soda Ash at 3¼c; Sal Soda 2¼; Turkey Opium $4,25; Madder 9¼a9½; Flour of Sulphur 5; Borax 26; Brimstone 3¼; Bleaching Powders at 3½c per lb.

FEATHERS are in limited request. Small sales of prime Western at 39a40c per lb.

FISH.—There is a fair demand for Mackerel, from store, and prices are steady. Sales of No 1 at $9,75; No 2 at $8a8,25, and No 3 at $4,50a5,50 per bbl for small and large. Codfish sells in small lots at 3½c per lb.

FRUIT.—A cargo of Malaga Raisins has arrived, of which 6a7,000 packages have been disposed of, part at $1,87½ per box, and small packages in proportion, and part on terms kept private. Small sales of Dried Peaches at $2,12½a2,25 per bushel. Cranberries are scarce, and command $10,50a11 per bbl.

GINSENG.—Is scarce. A sale of 5,000 lbs Crude at 35c per lb, cash.

GUANO.—The sales are only in small lots, without change in prices.

HEMP.—The market continues very quiet, and no further sales have been reported.

HIDES.—A sale of 2,000 Laguayra was made last week on terms kept private.

HOPS.—Are held for higher prices. Small sales of first sort at 39a40c per lb.

INDIGO.—Prices are firm, and the stock small. A large lot of Caraccas has been sold to go out of the market on terms kept secret, and some at $1,05 per pound.

IRON.—The demand for Pig Metal continues limited, and prices are unchanged. Sales of 5a600 tons Anthracite in lots at $21 per ton for No 1, and $20, 6 mos, for No 2. In Bar and Boiler Iron no change.

LEAD.—Sales of 1,700 pigs Virginia at $4,45 per 100 pounds, cash, and 1,400 pigs Galena on private terms.

LEATHER.—There is a limited demand for Sole Leather, without change in prices.

LUMBER.—The market has been very quiet, and prices are steady. A sale of Laths at $1,60 per M.

MOLASSES.—The demand has been limited, and the sales have been only in small lots, without change in prices.

NAVAL STORES.—A sale of 600 bbls Wilmington common Rosin at $1,36, and Soap at $2a2,50. A sale of Tar at $2 per bbl. Spirits of Turpentine is steady at 38a39c per gallon.

OILS.—Fish Oils are held firmly, with moderate sales from store. Linseed Oil is dull, and sales only in small lots at 72a73c per gallon. In Lard Oil no change.

PLASTER.—No further sales have come within our notice.

RICE.—The demand has been limited. Small sales at 3½a3¾c per lb for old and new crop.

SALT.—A cargo of 2,000 sacks Liverpool ground and a cargo of Turks Island sold on terms kept private.

SEEDS.—Cloverseed is in limited demand. Sales of 500 bushels good and strictly prime at $4,62½a4,90 per 64 lbs. Timothy ranges from $2,37½ to 2,87½. Flaxseed sells at $1,30a1,35.

SPICES.—Market quiet, and sales unimportant.

SPIRITS.—Brandy and Gin sell only in small lots within the range of our quotations. N. E. Rum is steady at 27c. Whiskey is dull. Sales of bbls at 22½a23c, and hhds at 21½a22, cash.

SUGAR.—There has been a moderate demand, and prices are steadily maintained. Sales of 700 hhds Cuba, New Orleans and Porto Rico at 4¾ to 6c per lb, and some white Brazil at 6¼c, on time.

TALLOW.—Is in moderate demand at 7½a7¾c per lb for Rendered.

TEAS.—Continue in fair demand, without change in prices.

TOBACCO.—The market is very quiet, and the sales of both Leaf and Manufactured are confined to the wants of the trade.

WINES.—The sales have been unimportant.

WOOL.—There has been a good demand, mostly for the supply of Eastern manufacturers, and prices are firm. Sales of 100,000 lbs at 31a50 per lb, on time.

FREIGHTS.—To Liverpool continue very dull, and but few engagements are making. 150 tons of Lard were taken at 12s 6d per ton. Colliers are in good demand at $1,50 per ton to Boston, $1,30 to Rhode Island, and $1a1,05 to New York.—*Inquirer.*

### THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER, No. 32 South Third street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm.

| | Bid. | Asked. | | Bid. | Asked. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| U S 6s '56 | 106 | — | Southwark | 70 | — |
| " '62 | 109 | — | Kensington | 60 | — |
| " '67 | 115½ | 116 | P Township | 30 | — |
| " '68 | 115¼ | — | Girard | 11½ | 12 |
| " 5s '53 | 101½ | 102 | Western | 61 | — |
| Paid off. | | | Man & Mech | 26 | 27 |
| U S Tr N 6s | — | — | Bk of Com | 48 | — |
| " 1 mill | — | — | Camden N J | 28 | 30 |
| Philada 6s | 102 | 102½ | Germantown | 56 | 57 |
| " 5s | — | — | Tren Bk Co | 35 | — |
| " Gas | — | — | Pitts'bg Bk | 54½ | — |
| County 5s | 90½ | — | M & M Pitts | 54½ | — |
| Penna 5s | 100 | 101 | Exchange, Pitts | 51 | — |
| " 6s | 91 | 91½ | Com, Cin | 32 | — |
| Kentucky 6s | 100 | 100½ | Louis, Ky | 100 | 103 |
| Tennessee 6s | 91 | 92 | Kentucky Bk | 102 | 103 |
| Illinois 6s | 61 | 64 | Northern | 107½ | 108 |
| Cincinnati 6s | 97 | 97½ | Union, Tenn | 60 | — |
| Texas T Notes | 23 | 26 | Planters, Tenn | — | 70 |
| " bds 6s | 33 | 35 | Vicksburg | 12¼ | 13 |
| Schuyl N 6s | 73 | — | Com, Natchez | — | — |
| " Int | — | — | N O Gas Bk | 100 | 110 |
| Lehigh N 6s | 79½ | 80 | Schuyl Nav | 10 | 11 |
| " Int loan | 84 | 85 | Lehigh Nav | 38 | 39 |
| " Mort 6s | 94 | 95 | C & Del Cl | 105 | 110 |
| C & D Cl 6s | 84 | 84½ | Morris Cl | 14¼ | 14½ |
| C & Am R bds | 97 | 98 | Penn & Ohio Cl | 37 | 38 |
| Bea Mdw R 6s | 75 | — | Union Cl | 12 | 12½ |
| Susquh Cl 6s | 57½ | 58 | Cam & Am R | 140 | 141 |
| Norris's R 6s | 92 | 93 | Penna R | 40½ | 41 |
| Harris R 6s | 92 | 93 | Bea Mdw R | 15 | 16 |
| Wil R 6s | 95 | — | Lykens Val R | 15 | 16 |
| Read R 6s | 71 | 71½ | North Am Cl | 5 | 9 |
| " Mort 6s | 79 | 80 | Susquh Cl | 12 | 14 |
| U S Bk Notes | 16 | — | Norristown R | 34 | 35 |
| U S Bk Shares | 14 | 14½ | Harrisburg R | 43 | 45 |
| N Amer Bk | 133 | 135 | Wilmington R | 24½ | 25 |
| Penna Bk | 110½ | 111 | Reading R | 27½ | 28 |
| Philadelphia | 133 | 136 | Minehill R | 44 | 45 |
| Far & Mec | 60 | — | N Liberty Gas | 20 | 21 |
| Commercial | 54½ | 55 | Flem Copper | 1 | — |
| N Liberty | 49 | 50 | N J Copper | 1 | — |
| Mechanics | 27½ | 28 | N W Min Co | — | 25 |

# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1851.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILA.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

## DESTRUCTION OF A WHALE-SHIP BY A SPERM WHALE.

*Sinking of the Ship—Loss of Two Boats and Miraculous Escape of the Crew.*

The "Panama Herald" of Oct. 16th, gives the following singular account of the destruction of a ship and two boats, by a whale. A similar event is said to have occurred about twenty years ago, when the ship Essex, Captain Arthur, was destroyed by a whale. In that case, while some of the crew, in boats, were engaged in an encounter with a whale, another whale rushed to the ship and struck her three violent blows amidships. The third blow was effectual and completely destructive. The ship was abandoned, and the crew landed on an uninhabited island in the South Pacific, where they were reduced, by threatened starvation, to the dreadful alternative of sacrificing one of their lives for the preservation of the rest.

This shows that while it may be a very pleasant thing to hunt whales, it is not so pleasant if they turn about and hunt you—though turn about is fair play:

We have just received the following thrilling account of the destruction of the whale-ship Ann Alexander, Captain John S. Deblois, of New Bedford, by a large sperm whale, from the lips of the Captain himself, who arrived in this city from Paita, on Sunday last, in the schooner Providence. A similar circumstance has never been known to occur but once in the whole history of whale-fishing, and that was the destruction of the ship Essex, some twenty or twenty-five years ago, and which many of our readers fully remember. We proceed to the narrative as furnished us by Capt. Deblois, and which is fully authenticated by nine of the crew in a protest under the seal of the U. S. Consul, Alex. Ruden, Jr., at Paita.

The ship Ann Alexander, Capt. S. Deblois, sailed from New Bedford, Mass., June 1st, 1850, for a cruise in the South Pacific for sperm whale. Having taken about 500 barrels of oil in the Atlantic, the ship proceeded on her voyage to the Pacific. Nothing of unusual interest occurred until when passing Cape Horn, one of the men, named Jackson Walker, of Newport, N. H., was lost overboard in a storm. Reaching the Pacific she came up the coast and stopped at Valdivia, Coast of Chili, for fresh provisions, and on the 31st of March last, she called at Paita, for the purpose of shipping a man. The vessel proceeded on her voyage to the South Pacific.

On the 20th of August last, she reached what is well known to all whalers as the Off-Shore-Ground, in lat. 5 deg. 50 min. South, lon. 102 deg West. In the morning of that day, at about 9 o'clock, whales were discovered in the neighborhood, and about noon, the same day, they succeeded in making fast to one. Two boats had gone after the whales—the larboard and starboard—the former commanded by the first mate, and the latter by Captain Deblois. The whale which they had struck, was harpooned by the larboard boat. After running some time, the whale turned upon the boat, and rushing at it with tremendous violence, lifted open its enormous jaws, and taking the boat in, actually crushed it into fragments as small as a common-sized chair! Capt. Deblois immediately pulled for the scene of the disaster with the starboard boat, and succeeded, against all expectations, in rescuing the whole of the crew of the boat—nine in number!

There were now eighteen men in the starboard boat, consisting of the captain, the first mate, and the crews of both boats. The frightful disaster had been witnessed from the ship, and the waist-boat was called into readiness and sent to their relief. The distance from the ship was about six miles. As soon as the waist-boat arrived, the crews were divided, and it was determined to pursue the same whale, and make another attack upon him. Accordingly they separated, and proceeded at some distance from each other, as is usual on such occasions, after the whale. In a short time they came up to him, and prepared to give him battle. The waist-boat, commanded by the first mate, was in advance. As soon as the whale perceived the demonstration being made upon him, he turned his course, suddenly, and making a tremendous dash at this boat, seized it with his wide-spread jaws, and crushed it into atoms, allowing the men barely time to escape his vengeance, by throwing themselves into the ocean.

Capt. Deblois, again seeing the perilous condition of his men, at the risk of meeting the same fate, directed his boat to hasten to their rescue, and in a short time succeeded in saving them all from a death little less horrible than that from which they had twice so narrowly escaped. He then ordered the boat to put for the ship as speedily as possible; and no sooner had the order been given than they discovered the monster of the deep making toward them with his jaws widely extended. Fortunately the monster came up and passed them at a short distance. The boat then made her way to the ship and they all got on board in safety.

After reaching the ship, a boat was despatched for the oars of the demolished boats, and it was determined to pursue the whale with the ship. As soon as the boat returned with the oars, sail was set, and the ship proceeded after the whale. In a short time she overtook him, and a lance was thrown into his head. The ship passed on by him, and immediately after they discovered that the whale was making for the ship. As he came up near her, they hauled to the wind, and suffered the monster to pass her. After he had fairly passed they kept off to overtake and attack him again. When the ship had reached within about fifty rods of him, they discovered that the whale had settled down deep below the surface of the water, and as it was near sundown, they concluded to give up the pursuit.

Capt. Deblois was at this time standing in the night-heads on the larboard bow, with craft in hand, ready to strike the monster a deadly blow should he appear, the ship moving about five knots; when working on the side of the ship, he discovered the whale rushing towards her at the rate of fifteen knots! *In an instant, the monster struck the ship with tremendous violence, shaking her from stem to stern!* She quivered under the violence of the shock, as if she had struck upon a rock! Capt. Deblois immediately descended into the forecastle, and there, to his horror, discovered that the monster had struck the ship about two feet from the keel, abreast the foremast, knocking a great hole entirely through her bottom, through which the water roared, and rushed impetuously! Springing to the deck, he ordered the mate to cut away the anchors and get the cables overboard, to keep the ship from sinking, as she had a large quantity of pig iron on board. In doing this the mate succeeded in relieving only one anchor and cable clear, the other having been fastened around the foremast. The ship was then sinking rapidly. The captain went to the cabin, where he found three feet of water; he, however, succeeded in procuring a chronometer, sextant and chart. Reaching the decks, he ordered the boats to be cleared away, and to get water and provisions, as the ship was heeling over. He again descended to the cabin, but the water was rushing in so rapidly, that he could procure nothing. He came upon deck, ordered all hands into the boats, and was the last himself to leave the ship, which he did by throwing himself into the sea and swimming to the nearest boat! The ship was on her beam-ends, her topgallant yards under water. They then pushed off some distance from the ship, expecting her to sink in a very short time. Upon an examination of the stores they had been able to save, he discovered that they had only twelve quarts of water, and not a mouthful of provisions of any kind! The boats contained eleven men each, were leaky, and night coming on; they were obliged to bail them all night to keep them from sinking!

Next day, at daylight, they returned to the ship, no one daring to venture on board but the captain, their intention being to cut away the masts, and fearful that the moment the masts were cut away the ship would go down. With a single hatchet, the captain went on board, cut away the mast, when the ship righted. The boats then came up, and the men, by the sole aid of spades, cut away the chain cable from around the foremast, which got the ship nearly on her keel. The men then tied ropes round their bodies, got into the sea, and cut a whole through the decks to get out provisions. They could procure nothing but about five gallons of vinegar and twenty pounds of wet bread. The ship threatened to sink, and they deemed it imprudent to remain by her longer, so they set sail in their boats and left her.

On the 22nd of August, at about five o'clock P. M., they had the indescribable joy of discerning a ship in the distance. They made signal, and were soon answered, and in a short time they were reached by the good ship Nantucket, of Nantucket, Mass., Capt. Gibbs, who took them all on board, clothed and fed them, and extended to them in every way the greatest possible hospitality.

On the succeeding day, Capt. Gibbs went to the wreck of the ill-fated Ann Alexander, for the purpose of trying to procure something from her, but as the sea was rough, and the attempt considered dangerous, he abandoned the project. The Nantucket then set sail for Paita, where she arrived on the 15th of September, and where she landed Captain Deblois and his men. Captain Deblois was kindly and hospitably received and entertained at Paita, by Captain Bathurst, an English gentleman residing there, and subsequently took passage on board the schooner Providence, Captain Starbuck, for this port, arriving here on Sunday last, the 12th instant.

At Paita, Captain Deblois entered his protest at the U. S. Consulate, which was authenticated by the following officers and seamen, on board at the time of the disaster; the two officers and the rest of the crew having shipped on board other vessels: Joseph K. Green, first mate; James Smith, third do.; John Morgan, carpenter; James Riley, cooper; James McRoberts, John Smith, William Smith, Henry Reid, and Charles F. Booth, seamen.

☞ English speculators are making money in London by engaging females to wear the Bloomer costume, and deliver lectures and addresses upon it. They call themselves "Americans!"

# General News.

## THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW.

As considerable curiosity has been felt respecting this very stringent anti-liquor law, we give the following abstract of its principal provisions, for which we are indebted to a Boston paper:

Sect. 1. Prohibits any unauthorized person from selling spirituous and intoxicating liquors of any kind.

Sect. 2. Authorizes the Supervisors of each town to appoint an Agent, to reside in the most central and convenient portion of the town, with authority to sell liquors, for medical purposes and the arts; who is to hold his office one year, unless removed.

Sect. 3. Provides for a certificate to be given to the agent, expressive of his authority, and gives the form, &c., of his bonds.

Sect. 4. Provides that any person selling by himself, his clerk, or agent, shall be fined, for the first offence, ten dollars and costs; for the second, twenty dollars and costs; and in each case stand committed till paid; and for every subsequent offence, twenty dollars and costs, and be imprisoned three to six months.

Sect. 5. Provides the mode of prosecution, and designates that the penalties shall go for the support of the poor.

Sect. 6. Provides that bonds shall be given in cases of appeal, for the prosecution of the appeal, and the payment of all fines and costs.

Sect. 7. Provides for the appointment of persons who may manufacture intoxicating liquors to be used for medicinal purposes, and in the arts.

Sect. 8. Provides for a penalty of one hundred dollars, and in default thereof, imprisonment for sixty days, for the first offence; and for double the penalty for every subsequent offence, in cases where persons undertake to manufacture without such legal appointment.

Sect. 9. Provides that no person engaged in the unlawful traffic shall be competent to sit on a jury.

Sect. 10. Provides that cases arising under the act shall take precedence in all Courts of justice except in certain criminal cases named.

Sect. 11. Provides that any three persons being voters, on making oath that in their belief liquors are unlawfully stored or kept for sale in any given place, the justice before whom such oath is made, shall issue his warrant for the seizure of the same, and if found, it is, after the proper inquiry, to be destroyed. If the owner sets up a claim that the said liquors are imported, and that duties have been paid on them to the Government, he may recover, if he can prove that they are so imported; but neither the certificate of importation, nor the Custom House marks on the casks are to be taken in evidence.

Sect. 12. Provides some safeguards against destroying liquors seized, until properly advertised, in cases where the owner may not be known.

Sect. 13. Makes provisions for appeals in certain cases.

Sect. 14. Provides that if any liquors are found at public trainings or other gatherings, the persons owning or selling the same, shall be imprisoned for thirty days, and the liquor destroyed.

Sect. 15. Makes provision for sureties in case of appeals.

Sect. 16. Makes all payments for liquors; all notes given for liquors; all mortgages, &c., given to secure liquor debts, &c., &c., unlawful, null and void.

PARTNERSHIPS.—A law was passed during the last session of the Legislature of *Pennsylvania*, which is highly important to partnership firms, and is, in all probability but comparatively little known. The sections are to be found on page 52 of the Pamphlet Laws of 1851, and the provisions are as follows:

Sec. 13. That from and after the tenth of August next, all persons who are now doing business in a partnership capacity in this commonwealth, shall file or cause to be filed in the office of the Prothonotary, in the county or counties where the said partnership is carried on, the names and location of such partnership, with the style and name of the same; and as often as any change of members in said partnership shall take place, the same shall be certified by the members of such new partnership as aforesaid; and in default or neglect of such partnership so to do, they shall not be permitted in any suits or actions against them in any Court or before any Justice of the Peace or Alderman in this Commonwealth to plead any misnomer or the omission of the name of any member of the partnership or the inclusion of the name of persons not members of said partnership.

Sec. 14. That hereafter, when two or more persons may be desirous of entering into any business whatever in partnership capacity, they shall, before they engage or enter into any such business as aforesaid, comply with, and be subject to all the provisions and restrictions in the next preceding section of this act.

REMORSE: AMUSING ANECDOTE.—An old man of respectable appearance went up to a Sergeant-de-Ville, in the Rue de Clery, and requested to be taken in custody, as he had killed his best friend. The officer hesitated to comply with so strange a request, whereupon the old gentleman showed him his hands, stained with blood, and requesting him to accompany him to his lodgings, where he said he would show him the corpse.

On entering the apartment of the old man, the officer found the body of a large Newfoundland dog lying in a pool of blood; and the man related, with every sigh of the most violent despair, that in trying to draw a tooth of the dog, the animal had bit him, and he, in his fury, had stabbed him.

"You see," he continued, "that I am a murderer, and merit the scaffold. Give me up to justice!"

The concierge, coming up, informed the officer that the old gentleman, who is a retired captain, was not sound in his mind; and accordingly he was taken at once to an asylum.—*French Paper.*

SECURITY AGAINST BANK NOTE FRAUDS.—James Atwater, Esq., of this city, has taken measures to secure a patent for preventing the alteration of Bank Notes from a lower to a higher denomination. His plan is a very simple one, and the wonder is that it has not been thought of before. Besides the figures to indicate the value of the note, he has borders on the end—a single border for a one dollar bill—two borders for two dollars—and five for five dollars. These are at the left hand of the bill. For a ten dollar note, there is a single border on the *right* hand of the bill—two borders for a twenty dollar note—and so on. They are further distinguishable by borders on the bottom. These borders change the position of the names of the President and Cashier, and also of other parts of the bill—so that the general appearance of each denomination is entirely different from every other—although the pictures, figures, and writings may be precisely the same. The invention strikes us as a very important one, and we should think it would come into general use.—*New Haven Palladium.*

CURIOUS FACT.—There is a venerable citizen now living in the neighborhood of Cincinnati, who, being in his eighty-sixth year, can remember the signing of the Declaration of Independence. He has voted at every Presidential election since the organization of the Government. The Commercial says:

"He descended the Ohio River, and passed the point where Cincinnati now stands *before a single tree had been felled* upon the spot, and before even a thought of our present power had entered into the dreamy phantasies of prophetic speculation. Think of it! One now among us—one among two hundred thousand in the busy uproar of business—one who stood upon the ground where we now live *before Cincinnati was born!* We can scarcely realize it; but yet it is so. The onward march of impetuous civilization has worked wonders in this great country of ours. This old man can yet see to read without glasses, and is possessed of the vigor of middle life."

IMPROVEMENT OF THE NAVIGATION OF THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.—The Convention which assembled in Burlington, Iowa, on the 23rd ult., for the purpose of considering the project of removing the obstruction to the navigation of the Upper Mississippi, occasioned by the Rapids, was the largest, most intelligent, and enthusiastic that ever met to forward the interests of the mighty West. Four States (Iowa, Missouri, Illinois, Wisconsin,) and the Territory of Minnesota, were fully and creditably represented. The greatest unanimity prevailed, and, from the happy union of sentiment and purpose within the Convention, and promises of support from distinguished men without, there is every prospect that this great and indispensable internal improvement will be effected.

IMPORTANT TO IOWA.—It appears by the Union, that the Secretary of the Interior has decided in favor of the claim of Iowa to the Congressional grant of lands above the "Raccoon Fork" of the Des Moines River, instead of limiting it from its mouth to that point, and has ordered lists of those lands to be made out for his approval. This decision confirms the action had upon the subject by Mr. Secretary Walker, and reverses the subsequent and contrary decision of Mr. Secretary Ewing.

JAVA COFFEE RAISED IN CASWELL COUNTY NORTH CAROLINA.—We were shown recently a parcel of Java coffee, fully matured, that grew in the midst of the shrubbery that decorates Dr. John T. Garland's yard, about a mile from this town. It looked as natural as the imported article. The shrub that produced this coffee is but two years old, and bears prolificly. The tree sprouted from a grain of coffee, which was planted on the North side of the house.—*Milton (N. C.) Chronicle.*

HORRIBLE.—The last Warrenton (North Carolina) News states that a negro child, belonging to Mr. Travis Talley, near Roanoke, was devoured last week by hogs. The child was lying in a house on the floor, the mother having stepped out, when some hogs entered, and before the mother returned, had nearly eaten it up.

## POLITICAL NEWS.

VIRGINIA.—The new Constitution of Virginia will, it is estimated, be adopted by a vote reaching a majority of from 40,000 to 50,000.

NEW YORK.—The vote is a very close one; the probabilities are, at the time of writing this, that the whole Whig State ticket is elected, with the exception possibly of the State Engineer. The indications also are that the Whigs will have a majority in both branches of the Legislature.

MISSISSIPPI.—Gen. Foote has been elected Governor, as also (as it is thought) three Union Congressmen. There will be a Union majority in the House of Representatives. The Senate is close and the result doubtful.

MARYLAND.—The entire Democratic State ticket is elected—Comptroller, Lottery-Commissioner, and Commissioner of the Land Office—by from 2,000 to 3,000 majority. The Senate will stand 12 Whigs to 10 Democrats, if the latest reports are correct, as they are believed to be. The Democrats will have two majority in the House of Delegates.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.—We learn from the Vincennes (Indiana) Gazette, that Judge Denning, of Illinois, in the case of a negro recently arrested and brought before him as a fugitive slave on a writ of habeas corpus, decided that the law for recovering slave property was unconstitutional, and therefore discharged the supposed runaway.

ILLINOIS.—The Democrats are successful by large majorities. The indications are, that the Free Banking Law has been adopted by a majority of over 10,000.

WISCONSIN.—There is little doubt of the election of Farwell, (Whig,) for Governor, by from 1,000 to 2,000 majority. The Whigs and Free Soilers have, probably, also a majority in the Assembly.

MICHIGAN.—The Democrats have elected their Governor by over 10,000 majority.

THE CUBA EXPEDITION.—The charge of Judge McLean to the Grand Jury of the U. S. Circuit Court for Ohio, at the late October term, related entirely to the expedition against Cuba, of which the learned Judge says: "There never was an invasion among civilized nations more atrocious and less excusable."

NEW JERSEY ELECTION.—There will be a joint-ballot Democratic majority in the next session of the New Jersey Legislature of 34. The majority is six in the Senate and twenty-eight in the Assembly.

QUEER COLLOCATION.—The new Constitution of Virginia contains in the 3rd article the following clause: "And no person shall have a right to vote who is of unsound mind, or a pauper, or a non-commissioned officer in the service of the United States.

THE BLACK LAW.—The law prohibiting negroes and mulattoes from coming to and residing in Oregon, has been decided to be constitutional and valid by Chief Justice Nelson, of that territory, in a case brought before him recently. The defendant (colored) was directed to leave the territory within thirty days from the date of the decree.

THE BOSTON RESCUE CASE.—Morris, one of the persons alleged to have been implicated in the rescue of the slave Shadrach, on the 15th of February last, was put upon trial in the United States Circuit Court, at Boston, on Monday week. In impannelling the jury, the prosecuting Attorney propounded, among others, the following interrogatories:—

Have you formed an opinion that the law of the United States, known as the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, is unconstitutional, so that you cannot convict a person indicted under it for that reason, if the facts alleged in the indictment are proved, and the Court hold the statute to be constitutional?

Do you hold any opinions upon the subject of the Fugitive Slave Law, so called, which will induce you to refuse to convict a person indicted under it, if the facts set forth in the indictment and constituting the offence are proved against him, and the Court direct you that the law is constitutional?

Six jurors were set aside, because they had formed opinions adverse to the Fugitive Slave Law.

OHIO.—The Ohio Statesman publishes official returns of the election of most of the counties, and states that Wood's (Dem.) majority for Governor will be between 20,000 and 30,000. The Free Soil candidate for Governor, (Lewis,) receives in the State about 16,000 votes. The Free Soilers elect nothing except one Senator and two Representatives.

MR. BENTON.—"Old Bullion" recently expressed himself as follows, in a letter to Mr. Blair, of St. Louis, respecting a proposition for a mixed Convention between the *Bentonites and the Anti-Bentonites:*

"I answer instantly and truly, that I would rather sit in council with the six thousand dead who died of cholera in St. Louis, than to go into convention with such a gang of scamps, and that is my sentiment to-day. The point is to defeat them. The public require it. We shall be stronger when they are gone, and, what is more, we shall be clean."

A BANK CASE.—The Washington Republic contains a report of the following case, involving the usages of banks:

*Circuit Court.*—James Adams (cashier of the Bank of Washington,) vs. Philip Otterback. This was an action on a note drawn by Haw, Yellott & Company, for eight hundred dollars, and made payable to the order of the defendant at sixty days, and by him endorsed, and which had been discounted by the Bank of Washington at the defendant's request, and the proceeds of such discount paid on his check.

It was shown that the usage of the Bank on all discounted notes, to demand payment, and give notice, in case of non-payment, to the endorser, on the fourth day instead of the third. The note in the present case fell due on a Sunday, and it was proven by competent evidence, that when such discounted notes fell due on Sunday, it was the practice of the Bank to give such notes out for collection to the notary on the Monday following; and that demand was made and notice given on the same day; that such usage had been adopted by the Bank in the year 1846, after the decision of the Supreme Court in the case of Cookendorfer vs. Preston. It was insisted by the counsel for the defendant that no Bank in the city had a right of itself to establish such a usage; that the defendant was not bound by it, and that due diligence had not been used by the Bank in making the demand and in giving notice to the endorser, and that therefore the plaintiff, who had purchased the note of the Bank, had no right to recover.

The Court granted the prayer of the defendant to instruct the Jury that the plaintiff had no right to recover, and a verdict was rendered accordingly.

Johnson Hellen, Esq., appeared for the plaintiff, and J. H. Bradley, Esq., for the defendant.

Mr. Hellen filed a bill of exceptions for the purpose of bringing the case before the Supreme Court of the United States.

LONDON POLICE.—Some of the tricks of the swell-mob at the Crystal Palace have been curious. One thief, dressed and looking like a gentleman, pretended to find a bug on a ladies dress, begging her to allow him to kill a noisome insect; and she saw him take it off. She thanked him warmly, and off he went. Fortunately she immediately perceived that she had lost a valuable bracelet. She suspected her friend, went to a policeman and told what had passed. He said, are you sure you would know the man? She said she was certain she would. Then go and stand by the door till I come to you. She did so, and the policeman soon joined her. He had, by telegraph, had every door shut but the one they were at; they had not waited long when the lady said, that's the man. The person was taken into custody, searched, and on him was found a small box, full of bugs, and the lady's bracelet. Was not that a clever trick?

SURPRISING THE TURKS.—The Boston barque Stamboul, on the 1st of October arrived at Alexandria, Egypt, with a cargo of Massachusetts ice, the first ever brought to Egypt from any part of the world. "All Alexandria and the region round about," says a letter from the Captain of the Stamboul, "flocked on board and around her to see the 'frozen water.' The Pacha, the High Admiral, and all the distinguished officers of the Government, visited the barque, and inspected her cargo—and, after these, people of all degrees. She was literally crowded, while a block of ice remained in her." The entire cargo was purchased by the Government, and was all discharged and stored ashore in 48 hours after the vessel arrived.

☞ An accordeon is styled by the negroes at the South an "eddicated bellows."

### CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 10.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 1,500 head. Beeves are selling from $5.50 to 7.00 per 100 lbs. Hogs—About 600 head in market, and sold from $6.00 to 6½ per 100 lbs. Cows—About 100 in market, and sold at prices ranging from $15 to 38. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $2 to 4; the latter from $1 to 3, according to quality.

### NEW YORK MARKETS, NOV. 8.

ASHES—A fair demand with sales of 160 bbls at $4.87½a4.94 for Pots, and $5.37½a5.44 for Pearls.

COTTON—The market continues steady, with sales of 1,600 bales.

FLOUR, &c.—Flour is 6d better. Sales 10,000 bbls at $3.81a3.87½ for State, and $3.81a4.06½ for Michigan, Ohio and Indiana. Southern Flour heavy; 1,300 bbls sold at $4a4,18¾. Rye Flour and Corn Meal unchanged.

GRAIN—Wheat market steady; sales of 18,500 bushels Canadian at $3a86c, the former price for a common lot in store; 3,700 handsome white Michigan at 89, and 2,600 Genesee at 90. Rye is lower; sales 2,500 bushels at 72½, closing with no buyers at over 72. Sales 500 bushels Barley Malt at $1.06. Corn is firmer; sales 21,000 bushels at 58a58½ for Western mixed, and 61 for round yellow. Oats are 38a39c for State.

PROVISIONS—Pork is dull, 300 bbls were sold at $15, and $13,50a13,62½ for new Mess and Prime. Beef dull, 300 bbls sold at previous rates, and 170 bbls Beef Hams at $14a14,50. Dress Hogs are selling at 6a6½c. Lard heavy, 150 bbls sold at 8a8½c.

WHISKEY—Is lower; sales 300 bbls at 21a21½, and 100 Drudge at 20½.

FREIGHTS—2,000 bbls Flour were taken for Liverpool at 1s, and 35,000 bushels Wheat at 4d.

BAD BREATH, A DISAGREEABLE TASTE IN THE MOUTH, and other unpleasant symptoms, are the result of indigestion. When the food, instead of being properly dissolved, remains in the stomach until it becomes in a manner putrified, a deleterious fluid, called Septic Acid, is generated, which, mixing with the fluid of the mouth, is certain not only to give a bad breath, but is also the true cause of wasting of the gums, a deposit of tartar, and decayed teeth.

*Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills* not only cleanse the stomach and bowels of all bilious and putrid humors, and purify the blood, but they also restore the digestive organs to a healthy tone; and are therefore certain to remove a bad breath, and prevent a premature decay of the teeth.

*Beware of Counterfeits!*—The genuine will be found for sale by agents and dealers in all parts of the United States and Canadas.

Principal Office 169 RACE Street, Philadelphia.

## TRAVELLING AGENTS.

MR. G. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, assisted by *J. T. Dent, W. Ramsey, Dr. J. Wadsworth, R. K. Greene, Alex. R. Laws, James Rutherford, Dr. Lee Edwards, Thomas Fraudland, and C. M. L. Wiseman.* Each of these persons have a certificate of the Mayor of Cincinnati, with seal of the city, describing their persons, so there will be no risk in paying them, and we hope all on whom they may call, will make it convenient to settle with them.

MR. HENRY M. LEWIS, of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama, and Tennessee, assisted by *D. R. Goodwin, James O. Lewis and Samuel D. Lewis.*

MR. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 182 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, is our general Travelling Agent, assisted by *William H. Weld, John Collins, James Deering, A. Kirk Wellington, E. A. Evans, John T. Judkins, P. Louis, Jos. Button, Geo. P. Button, and Thos. D. Nice.*

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our only Collector of Bills in Pennsylvania.

A. PEASE collects for us in the New England States, and a portion of the State of New York.

MARIAS B. ANGELL collects for us in New York.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
MAY be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots
Of DEXTER & BROTHER, 43 *Ann St., New York*
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Of F. HAGAN & Co., *Nashville Tenn.*
Of S. W. PEASE, 28 *West Sixth Street*, and 29 *East Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.*
COURTENAY & WIENGES, *Charleston, S. C.*
Of W. ADAM, *Washington, D. C.*
Of ELI ADAMS, *Salem, N. J.*

Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or through their authorized travelling agents.

# Local News.

THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH CASE—IMPORTANT DECISION.—The United States Circuit Court, composed of Judges Grier and Kane, last week, made a decision in the case of French and others, of the Morse line, "The Magnetic Telegraph Company," and Rogers and others of the Bain line of Telegraph from Washington to New York, which settles a number of principles of great importance to those engaged in the business of telegraphing by electro-magnetism, and to ingenious generally. The Court decided all the questions in controversy in favor of the claimants under Professor Morse's patents, and declares the process and apparatus used on the Bain line for telegraphing and recording signs at a distance, infringements of Morse's patents. The points ruled by the Court in this case are—

1. That an *art* is the subject of a patent, as well as an implement or a machine. 2. That an inventor may surrender and obtain a reissue of his patent more than once if necessary. 3. That Professor Morse was the first inventor of the art of recording signs at a distance by means of electro magnetism, or the magnetic telegraph. 4. That the several parts or elements of the Morse Telegraph are covered and protected by his patent, as new inventions, and are really new, either as single, independent inventions, or as parts of a new combination for the purpose specified. 5. That the patent granted to Prof. Morse for his "Local Circuit" is valid, and that the "Branch Circuit" of the Bain line is an infringement of it. 6. That the subject and principles of the chemical telegraph are clearly embraced in Morse's patents.

These are the chief questions in dispute, and the opinion of the Court, delivered by Judge Kane, is clear and precise in their adjudication. The counsel for the complainants were directed by the Court to prepare the draught of a decree, to be made by the Court in accordance with the prayer of the bill and the decision made as above. Judge Kane, in the course of his remarks upon the originality of Prof. Morse's invention, and the ingenuity displayed by others in attempting to avail themselves of his discoveries, by devising new modes of attaining the same end as he attains, makes some very just observations upon the idle claim of these persons to be considered inventors. He says:

"They are no doubt all of them inventors, as was the man who first cast types in a mould, or first bent metal into the practical semblance of the gray goose-quill, or first devised sympathetic ink, that the curious in letter-writing might veil their secrets from the profane. All these toiled ingeniously and well, to advance or embellish a pre-existing art. But they had no share in the discovery of the art itself, and can no more claim to share the property, which its discovery may have conferred on another, than he who has devised some appropriate setting for a gem, can assert an interest in the gem itself."

A NEW AND USEFUL INVENTION.—A simple and ingenious contrivance called a Universal Self-Acting Spring Hinge, has recently been invented and patented by Dr. Theo. F. Engelbrecht, and is shortly to be placed in the Exchange for the inspection of the public. These hinges are for hotel and other doors. They are entirely concealed within the door or framework. They are cylindrical and the springs right and left-handed ones, are placed therein, so that the door can be opened outwardly as well as inwardly. The tendency being towards the centre it closes of itself. They can be applied to window-shutters, obviating the necessity of an outside fastening, and by means of a cord will not require the window to be raised in closing the shutters. The hinge, when attached to the door, presents rather an ornamental appearance, differing in that respect from the ordinary unsightly butt hinge, and can be adapted to any description of door or shutter at but little more than the ordinary cost.

A NEW ORDER.—There has been started in this city, a new Order, based on total abstinence principle, called "The Protectors." It originated from an order in operation in the State of Maine, called "The Temperance Watchmen," and is fast increasing. A second organization has already been established in Spring Garden. The Protectors design to guard against the impurities of the elective franchise, by preventing the placing in power men addicted to strong drink, and keeping the reins of Government in the hands of persons known to be friendly to the principles and spread of the cause of temperance.

NOVEL SCHOONER.—Mr. Taylor, at his ship-yard, Camden, is rigging up a schooner in a very novel style, as an experiment on a new principle of arranging the masts. Instead of being firmly placed in a stationary position, the masts in this vessel are to be on a revolving principle, which causes the sails to be wound up around the mast, instead of reefing, as in the usual manner. It is thought that the invention will save a good deal of labor, and work easier than the old style.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 156—adults 59, and children 97.

# Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY E. JOHNSTON & Co., BROKERS,
*No. 26 South Third Street.*

PHILADELPHIA, November 15, 1851.

| | |
|---|---|
| PENNSYLVANIA. | |
| Philadelphia banks | par |
| U S bank notes | 15 dis |
| Chambersburg | ½ dis |
| York | ½ dis |
| Berks county | no sale |
| Gettysburg | ½ dis |
| Carlisle | ½ dis |
| Lewistown | no sale |
| Brownsville | ½ dis |
| Pittsburg | ½ dis |
| Waynesburg | 1 dis |
| Washington | ½ dis |
| Erie | 1½ dis |
| Susquehanna co'nty | failed |
| Lebanon | par |
| Lehigh county bk | no sale |
| Towanda | no sale |
| Honesdale | 1 dis |
| Harrisburg | ½ dis |
| West Branch | par |
| Wyoming | par |
| Middletown | ½ dis |
| Northampton | no sale |
| Schuylkill Haven | par |
| Pottsville | par |
| Danville | par |
| Relief notes | 1a1½ dis |
| NEW JERSEY. | |
| Trenton, M't Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford, | par |
| Plainfield | closed |
| State bk at Morris | failed |
| State bk New Bruns | ½ dis |
| Newark | ½ dis |
| Morris county | ½ dis |
| Middletown Point | ½ dis |
| Orange | ½ dis |
| Belvidere | ½ dis |
| Rahway | ½ dis |
| Dover | ½ |
| Perth Amboy | failed |
| Peoples, Paterson, | failed |
| Farmers and Mech. bk, N. Brun. | ½ dis |
| N Hope, Del Bridge | failed |
| Yard, Del Br'ge co | 10 dis |
| DELAWARE. | |
| All solvent banks | par |
| Del City bk under5's | ½ dis |
| MARYLAND. | |
| Baltimore banks | ½ dis |
| Mineral bank | 1 dis |
| Salisbury | failed |
| Cecil bank | ½ dis |
| Frederick county | ½ dis |
| Cumberland | ½ dis |
| Washington county | ½ dis |
| Hagerstown | ½ dis |
| Havre-de-Grace | failed |
| Far & Millers bk | no sale |
| DIST. OF COLUMBIA. | |
| All solvent banks | ½ dis |
| NEW YORK. | |
| City banks | par a ½ dis |
| Solv. country bks | ½ dis |
| James bank | 30 dis |
| Farmers, Mina | 30 dis |
| Western, White Creek | [illegible] dis |
| New Rochelle | 30 dis |
| MAINE. | |
| All solvent banks | ½ dis |
| NEW HAMPSHIRE. | |
| All solvent banks | ½ dis |

| | |
|---|---|
| VERMONT. | |
| Bank of St Albans | ½ dis |
| All solvent banks | ½ dis |
| CONNECTICUT. | |
| All solvent banks | ½ dis |
| MASSACHUSETTS. | |
| All solvent banks | ½ dis |
| Pawtucket bk | failed |
| Dorchester and Milton stolen notes | no sale |
| RHODE ISLAND. | |
| All solvent banks | ½ dis |
| Phenix bk, Westerly stolen notes | no sale |
| CANADA. | |
| Montreal | 3 dis |
| VIRGINIA. | |
| Bk of Vall'ybranches | 1 dis |
| Far bk & branches | 1½ dis |
| Valley bk & branch | 1½ dis |
| Ex bk & branches | 1½ dis |
| Wheeling | 1½ dis |
| NORTH CAROLINA. | |
| All solvent banks | 1½ dis |
| Small notes | 2½ dis |
| SOUTH CAROLINA. | |
| So West R R | 1½ dis |
| All solvent banks | 1½ dis |
| Small notes | 2 dis |
| GEORGIA. | |
| Bk of St. Mary's | [illegible] dis |
| Central bk of Mill | 1½ dis |
| Georgia R R Co | 1½ dis |
| Ruckersville bkg co | — |
| All solvent banks | 1½ dis |
| Small notes | 2 dis |
| ALABAMA. | |
| Bk of Mobile | 1 dis |
| Country banks | 3 dis |
| MISSISSIPPI. | |
| All banks | uncertain |
| LOUISIANA. | |
| All solvent bks | 1 dis |
| FLORIDA. | |
| So. Life & Trust Co | — |
| OHIO. | |
| Bk of Wooster | 50 dis |
| Bk Norwalk | 75 dis |
| Com bk of Scioto | 15 dis |
| All solvent bks | 1½ dis |
| Small notes | 2 dis |
| KENTUCKY. | |
| All solvent bks | 1½ dis |
| Small notes | 2 dis |
| INDIANA. | |
| State bank | 1½ dis |
| Small notes | 2 dis |
| ILLINOIS. | |
| Bank of Illinois | 60 dis |
| State bank | 75 dis |
| Bank of Cairo | — |
| MISSOURI. | |
| All solvent bks | 1½ dis |
| TENNESSEE. | |
| All solvent bks | 2½ dis |
| Bk East Tenn. | 10 dis |
| MICHIGAN. | |
| Bk of St Clair | no sale |
| Far's & Mech's | 2½ dis |
| Gov. Stock bk | uncertain |
| ARKANSAS. | |
| All banks | no sale |
| WISCONSIN. | |
| Mineral Point | — |
| Bank of Milwaukie | — |
| IOWA | |
| Miners bank | — |

WM. DAILY & SON, 216 Market Street, above 6th, is the place to purchase Watches, Jewelry, Silver or Plated Ware, Gold Pens and Chains, &c. The perfect system to which they have reduced the cash principle enables them to sell cheaper than can be obtained elsewhere. Purchasers should most certainly call on them. 11

### ALMANAC.

| Nov. 1851. | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 15 Saturday | 7 5 | 4 50 | 7 43 | |
| 16 Sunday | 7 6 | 4 [illegible] | 8 41 | |
| 17 Monday | 7 7 | 4 [illegible] | 9 32 | D. H. M. |
| 18 Tuesday | 7 8 | 4 [illegible] | 10 33 | Full 9 6 37 |
| 19 Wed'day | 7 9 | 4 [illegible] | 11 14 | Last 16 4 35 |
| 20 Thursday | 7 10 | 4 [illegible] | 12 0 | New 23 9 19 |
| 21 Friday | 7 11 | 4 49 | 12 [illegible] | First 30 10 37 |
| 22 Saturday | 7 12 | 4 49 | 1 35 | |

### STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

| | 9 o'clock. | 12 o'clock. | 3 o'clock. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Nov. 2, | 53 | 60 | 63 |
| 3, | 31 | 32 | 33 |
| 4, | 43 | 44 | 46 |
| 5, | 40 | 43 | 43 |
| 6, | 39 | 43 | 43 |
| 7, | 35 | 40 | 43 |
| 8, | 37 | 46 | 50 |

# Marriages.

On the morning of the 6th inst. at the Broad Street Baptist Church, by the Rev. J. L. Burrows, CHARLES FITHIAN, Publisher of the Boys' and Girls' Journal, to MARY M. youngest daughter of Jos. M. Hopper, Esq. of Freehold, N. J.

[We return our acknowledgments to our publishing brother and his fair lady, for a slice of wedding cake which came with the above—and which tasted almost as rich and sweet as matrimony itself.—*Publishers Sat. Eve. Post.*]

On the 6th instant, by Friends' Ceremony, in presence of Judge Lawrence, JOSEPH WOODWARD, to EDITH, daughter of Thos. Harrison, all of N. J.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. JAMES THOMPSON HADDOCK, to Miss SARAH S. PAULLIN, both of this city. Cecil county (Md.) Whig, please copy.

On the 3d inst. by the same, Mr. MICHAEL F. BANNERMAN, to Miss LOUISA L. BILDERBACK, both of this city.

On the 7th inst. by the same, Mr. JESSE THOMAS, to Miss MARGARET E. SHEPPARD, both of Philadelphia county.

At St. Mark's Church, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. J. P. B. Wilmer, JOHN R. WILMER, to LYDIA W. daughter of the late Samuel Longstreth, all of this city.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. John B Dales, Mr. SAMUEL JACKSON, to Mrs. ELIZABETH GIBSON, all of this city.

At Germantown, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. R. Newton, D. D., Pastor of St. Paul's Church, MARCUS NIXON, of Cincinnati, to ALICE, daughter of the late Geo. Peirsoe, of this city.

On the 4th inst by the Rev. Thomas Larcombe, Rev. HENRY LINCOLN, to Miss JANE E. LARCOMBE, all of this city.

On the 6th inst. at the Church of the Atonement, by the Rev. Kingston Goddard, THOMAS BRODRICK, to ELIZABETH W. daughter of the late Alex. Ferguson.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr Bert, JOHN L. BURT, M. D., U. S. Navy, to Miss MARGARET THOMPSON, of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. John Street, Mr. DAVID K. PLUMLEY, to Miss MARGARET S. BEHRING, daughter of Casper H. Behring, all of this city.

On the 4th inst. by the same, Mr. WILLIAM W. DEELYNE, to Miss SOPHIA L. SCHREBER, all of this city.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. H. Ducachet, Mr. LEWIS J. MERLIN, to Miss SARAH MURPHY, both of this city.

In this city, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. Wm. H. Stephens, Mr. GEORGE C. BURDETT, of N. York, to Miss ROSALIE CODDINGTON, of Washington, D. C.

On the 20th ult. by the Rev. A. H. Shoemaker, Mr. WILLIAM S. MELLEN, of Upper Darby, to Miss MARY A. ACKERMAN, of the Northern Liberties.

On the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr Power, Mr. BENJ. FERRELL, to Miss ISABELLA DALTON.

On the 3d inst. in the First Presbyterian Church of Pottsville, Schuylkill county, by the Rev. Jos. M. Cool, Mr. EDWARD T. TAYLOR, to Miss MARY SYBILLA, daughter of the Rev. Joseph M. Cool, all of Pottsville, Pa.

# Deaths.

On the 5th inst., MARY W., daughter of Wm. Martin, Esq.

On the 4th inst. PHEBE H. wife of Nathaniel Randolph.

In Paris, 4th Oct. MARGARET CARSWELL, wife of Charles Pepper, of Philadelphia.

On the 4th inst. Mr. SAMUEL SHERWOOD, aged 75.

On the 3d inst. MARGARET, wife of John Nuskey, aged 59 years.

On the 3d inst. WILLIAM QUINN, aged 46 years.

On the 4th inst. Miss ANN E. SHIRET, aged 20.

On the 4th inst. ISAAC FERGUSON, aged 55 years.

On the 5th inst. ANDREW McCORKLE, aged 64.

On the 4th inst. EVAN BISHOP.

On the 5th instant, MARY, wife of James Cunliffe, aged 38 years.

On the 4th inst. Mrs. E. A. PRICE, aged 33 years.

On the 4th inst. REBECCA J. BISHOP, aged 44.

On the 5th inst. WILLIAM NELSON, Sr. aged 53.

On the 4th inst. ANNA M. BELL, wife of Mr. Allen Fiot, aged 24 years.

On the 3d inst. JOHN McKALE, aged 24 years.

On the 3d inst. WILLIAM B TROUT, aged 39.

On the 31st ult. WILLIAM G. LEWIS, aged 3 years, and on the 3d inst. JOHN F. LEWIS, aged 20 months.

On the 3d inst. Mrs. CATHERINE BLOOM, aged 65.

On the 2d inst. DEBORAH JANE, wife of Alex. C. Bryson, aged 25 years.

On the 1st inst. Miss MARGARET STRAHAN, aged 17 years.

On the 2d inst. JAMES ARNOLD, aged 50 years.

On the 29th ult. Miss SARAH S. PERKINS, aged 17.

On the 4th inst. EDWARD, son of Hugh and Catharine McClain, aged 5 years.

On the 4th inst. MARGARET SULLIVAN, aged 1 year.

On the 3d inst. CALLAGHAN BUCKLEY, aged 35.

On the 2d inst. ELIZABETH, daughter of Wm. and Catharine Abrahams, aged 10 years.

On the 3d inst. SARAH J. PHILIPS, aged 16 years.

On the 31st ultimo, REBECCA L. MORGAN, aged 23 months.

On the 2d inst. MARIA THOMPSON, aged 71.

On the 1st inst. FANNY M. wife of Robt. Wareham.

On the 31st ult. ALLEN GILL, aged 26 years.

On the 3d inst. Mrs. ELIZA HOW, aged 78.

On the 3d inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH HARRIS, aged 64.

On the 31st ult. at the Markie House, Philadelphia, Mrs. MARY E. KIRK, of Bluffton, S. C. aged 56.

At the residence of Saml. Corp, Esq., Bombay, India, on the 17th Sept. last, Capt. REUBEN LOCKWOOD, Jr. late of ship White Squall, of Philadelphia.

From the Middleton Oasis.
GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—This excellent monthly is on hand, filled as usual to the brim with excellent reading for Ladies. Godey is outdoing himself, there is no flagging; he keeps his promise to the end of the year. The engravings in this No. can't be surpassed, if equalled. Price $3 a year.
1t L. A. GODEY, Philada.

OUR THREE JOURNALS.—*The American Phrenological Journal*—*The Water Cure Journal*—and *The Student*, are published monthly, each at ONE DOLLAR a-year, in advance, by FOWLERS & WELLS, New York.

*The Phrenological Journal* is devoted to the Moral and Intellectual development of Man. Phrenology, Psychology, Magnetism, Physiognomy, and all that relates to *mind* and Human Improvement may be found in this publication.

*The Water-Cure Journal* is devoted to Hydropathy, Physiology, and the laws of life and health; including Dietetics, together with the philosophy and practice of the Water Cure.

*The Student* is designed for children and youth—to be used in schools and families. It is devoted to Education—Natural History, with engravings—to Biography—Music—Phonography—and the Natural Sciences generally. It is probably the best Educational Serial published in this country.

To obtain either or all of these periodicals, please enclose the amount ($1.00 for each) in a letter, and direct the same, post-paid, to
FOWLERS & WELLS,
No. 131 Nassau street, New York.
☞ Sample numbers sent gratis, when desired. AGENTS wanted in every town and county. oct25-4t.

TAKE NOTICE.—The Old CARPET Stand renewed. CARPETS and FLOOR OIL CLOTH *of a good quality*, just received, from New York, of various patterns, at No. 319 North 3d street, next door to the Commissioner's Hall, Philada. Ingrain Carpets of fine, extra superfine good patterns. Also, Ingrain Carpets at 40, 44, 55, 60 cents to one dollar. Listing and Rag Carpets of a good quality for sale. Stair Carpets of a good quality from 25 to 50 and 60 cents. Also, Entry Carpets from 37½ cents to $1.00. Also, Carpets woven for customers as heretofore in the best manner. JOSEPH SWARTZ,
oct18-3t Carpet Store, No. 319 North 3d st.

WORLD'S FAIR.—The first and only PRIZE MEDAL for Harness at the World's Fair, in London, was awarded to LACEY & PHILLIPS, of this city, an honor they won over the competition of the whole world.

Messrs. L. & P. have now and keep constantly on hand, at their establishment, 12 and 14 South Fifth street, the largest stock of READY-MADE HARNESS, SADDLES, &c., of any house in the United States, at greatly reduced prices. They are now manufacturing their Harness and Saddles with such perfect system, that they are enabled to sell a superior article of everything in their line at a less price than any other house in the country.

They never use but the very best quality of leather, and the best material of every description, and no pains or expense are spared to reach perfection in every article.

They invite purchasers to examine the stock and their establishment before making purchases. They invite attention to the following list of prices:

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| Horse Blankets, from | $1½ to $2 50 |
| Thick Horse Covers | $4 00 to $7 50 |
| Good Plain Serviceable Single Harness | $18 00 to 25 00 |
| Do Fancy do do do | $28 00 to 35 00 |
| Do Plain Double Harness | $40 00 to 60 00 |
| Do Fancy do | $65 00 to 90 00 |

☞ Harness Makers would do well to make their purchases of us.

LACEY & PHILLIPS' Saddles and Harness are acknowledged to surpass all others for elegance, lightness and comfort, as well as for real value and wear. 12 and 14 South FIFTH st.,
oct25-1y Between Market and Chesnut street.

ROGERS' COACH FACTORY,
N. E. CORNER OF SIXTH AND BROWN STREETS,
PHILADELPHIA.
WHERE CARRIAGES of every description are built to order and for sale, which for *Style, Durability* and elegance of *Finish* cannot be surpassed by any in the country. Workmen of celebrity are engaged and the best materials used.

*Southern and Western Merchants* will find it to their advantage to call at this establishment, as the proprietor is a Practical Coach Maker, and having worked in the best shops in this and in other countries, flatters himself that the tastes of all persons can be suited, the work being executed under his immediate inspection. Orders from any part of the country promptly attended to.

N. B.—Omnibusses run from the Exchange past the factory every few minutes.
aug16-6m WM. D. ROGERS.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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| For a single square, (eighteen lines,) first insertion, | $1.00 |
| For each subsequent insertion, | $0.50 |
| For one square 6 months, | $20.00 |
| For one square, a year, | $40.00 |

☞ Payment is required in advance.

PENNSYLV'NIA RAILROAD.
WINTER ARRANGEMENT,
BETWEEN
PHILADELPHIA AND PITTSBURG.
TIME REDUCED TO 24 HOURS.
On and after the 1st of DECEMBER, next, Passengers will be carried by the PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY, between PHILADELPHIA AND PITTSBURG IN
24 HOURS,
with only 58 MILES of Staging over an excellent Turnpike. FARE $11 00.
This is the SHORTEST AND BEST route between the Great West and the Atlantic Cities, and the ACCOMMODATIONS are in all respects of the highest character.
THOS. MOORE, Agent,
nov15-6m PENN'A RAILROAD CO.

MUSICAL FUND HALL.
WILL SHORTLY CLOSE.
FINAL ARRANGEMENT OF PROFESSOR ANDERSON,
Who begs most sincerely to thank the public of Philadelphia, for the patronage they have so liberally honored him with; and to state that, as IT IS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN, that his stay in this city will terminate on the 29th inst., when he proceeds to Baltimore, and therefore wishes to impress upon all—
*THAT HIS STAY CANNOT be PROLONGED.*
AS HIS ARRANGEMENTS ARE MADE THROUGHOUT THE SOUTH—AND AS FAR AS MEXICO.
Therefore lose no time in visiting his
*GRAND SOIREES MYSTERIEUSES.*
BUT HASTEN AT ONCE and see the unparalleled wonders of the
GREAT MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ART.
Doors open at 7; commence at 8.
Admission 50 cents.
A GRAND DAY PERFORMANCE ON SATURDAY, at three o'clock, P. M.
*Tempus Fugit.* 1t

From Ky. Sunday Varieties.
"GODEY" FOR NOVEMBER.—The November number of this elegant parlor companion is before us, and like all its predecessors it is a gem of beauty, most fitting for the hands of the fairest of earth's daughters, the blooming Belles of the United States. Read it, ladies, it will help you to spend a dull hour, and improve your mind at the same time. We cannot say more on the subject lest we grow nonsensical, we mean to say *Poetical* which is the same thing. Get it, Ladies, by all means, and *read it*. Price $3 a year.
1t L. A. GODEY, Philada.

IMPORTANT TO MAP AGENTS.
THE SUBSCRIBER HAS JUST COMPLETED an improved and highly ornamented edition of his NATIONAL MAP OF THE UNITED STATES, showing the present boundaries of Oregon, California, Utah, New Mexico, and Texas. Price $3. Also an HISTORICAL MAP OF PALESTINE, with illustrations of the principal events mentioned in Scripture. Price $2.
Map sellers in every part of the United States will find it for their interest to obtain specimens of the above works.
A very liberal discount made to agents for cash.
Address, S. AUGUSTUS MITCHELL,
Map Establishment,
N. E. corner of Market and Seventh streets,
Philadelphia.
A general assortment of Roller Maps, Pocket do., and Atlases constantly on hand. nov8-3m*

From the Ala. Eagle.
GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, for October, is beautifully embellished with numerous engravings. It is well nigh overflowing with the brightest ideas, noblest thoughts, sublimest expressions, and sweetest poetry, that flow through our land. Price $3 a year. (1t) L. A. GODEY, Philada.

UNRIVALLED IN BEAUTY AND EXCELLENCE.
SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE
FOR 1852.
EIGHTY PAGES OF READING MATTER in each Number, being Sixteen Pages of additional Reading over and above the usual quantity given in the $3 Magazines.

The proprietors of this popular periodical, encouraged to new exertions by the marked approbation bestowed on their previous efforts, have made such arrangements for the ensuing year, as will still better entitle their Magazine to the position already assigned it by the American press, in the
*FRONT RANK of LITERATURE and ART.*

The publishers have determined to spare no expense in imparting the most decided superiority to their Magazine, and without intended disparagement to similar enterprise, they now fearlessly challenge competition, with proud confidence in the result.

*THE SERIES OF PRIZE ARTICLES,*
commenced in the July Number, and for which the sum of
*ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS*
was paid, will be continued in the next Volume. The publishers are desirous that SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE should be peculiarly distinguished as a repository for the
CHOICEST PRODUCTIONS OF AMERICAN GENIUS.

As a guarantee for the future, they need only refer to the list of writers, well known in the world of letters, whose contributions have given value to the preceding volumes.

To become the acknowledged favorite of an intelligent community, and to obtain and preserve a high tone of character for this periodical, it is considered necessary to exercise a critical supervision over all articles offered for publication. The name appended shall in no case be regarded as sufficient proof of excellence, but all manuscripts will be carefully read and impartially judged: thus affording young authors of talent, struggling for reputation, an equal chance with those whose claims are already established.

A Monthly Record will be furnished of the most interesting passing events, appertaining to Literature, Science or Art, in both hemispheres: also, Biographical Notices of eminent persons lately deceased. The Reviews of new books shall be full and impartial. Among other novel attractions, we promise our subscribers
*A HUMOROUS DEPARTMENT,*
to consist of *facetiæ* of every description, either original or translated from the best foreign sources. The engravings illustrating these 'good things' will be invariably of a superior description, after the designs of such eminent artists as SCHMOLZE, STAUBER, GAVARNI POCCI or JOHANNOT. It is frequently the reproach of wit and humor, that it assumes too broad a character, but we faithfully pledge our readers that nothing shall have a place in "PUCK'S PORTFOLIO," that could possibly prove exceptionable to the most delicate mind.
*NEW REBUS ILLUSTRATIONS of PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY,*
designed and engraved expressly for this work, will be published monthly, and the original Poetical and Pictorial Enigmas, that have proved so popular, will be continued.
*THE SUPERB EMBELLISHMENTS*
in preparation for the coming volume, alone exceed in value the price of a year's subscription. They consist of plates executed with the utmost care and skill, by the best Artists, from pictures of unquestionable merit; and will include faithful transcripts of ORIGINAL PICTURES BY EMINENT AMERICAN PAINTERS. In addition to the line Engravings on Steel, and the
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will contain the most prompt issue of the latest Fashions, patterns for Embroidery, Crochet Work, &c., &c., together with descriptions of kindred subjects appropriate to this Division.
A CHOICE SELECTION OF POPULAR MUSIC
continued as heretofore. Each Department of the Magazine will be in charge of a competent Superintendent, the whole under the editorial supervision of JOHN SARTAIN.
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Each number of the Magazine now contains Eighty pages, printed solid, in new and beautiful type, which is
**Equivalent to One Hundred and Four Pages of the First Volumes.**
With this increase of reading matter, the postage under the old law would have been eight cents per number on all distances. By the new law, which went into operation in July, the POSTAGE ON THIS MAGAZINE IS GREATLY REDUCED.—When paid quarterly in advance it is now as follows: Under 500 miles, 2½ cents; over 500 miles, 5 cents.
**Terms for 1852, Payable in Advance.**
One copy one year, $3. Two copies one year, $5. One copy two years, $5. Five copies one year, $10. Ten copies one year, $20, and an extra copy to the person sending a Club of Ten. Single Numbers, 25 cts.
☞ *Small Notes of the different States received at par.*
☞ *Club Subscriptions sent to different Post Offices.*
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TO BRICK MANUFACTURERS.—Hand Brick Presses (worked by one or two levers,) Clay Tempering Machines, and Brick Makers' Tools in general, manufactured at No. 153 South 5th street below Spruce, by S. P. MILLER.
N. B. Undoubted reference can be given to those who have the Presses in use when required.
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On hand a large assortment and constantly receiving a fresh supply of Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware at No. 96 North Second Street, corner of Quarry, Philadelphia, at the following low prices:
Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, 18 carat case, $28.00 and over.
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Silver Lever Watches, full jewelled, $12.00 and over.
Silver Lepine Watches, jewelled, $9.00 and over.
Silver Quartier Watches, from $4.50 to 9.00 and over.
Diamond Pointed Gold Pens with silver case, $1.00 and over.
Silver Tea Spoons, equal to coin, per set, $5.00 and over.
" Desert Spoons, do. do. $10.00 and over.
" Table Spoons, do. do. $15.00 and over.
Watch Glasses, best quality, plain 12½ cents, patent 18¾, lunet 25 cents. Other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for. On hand a large assortment of Gold and Silver Watches, fine Gold Jewelry and Silver Ware.
mar1-1y STAUFFER & HARLEY,
Successors to O. Conrad,
No. 96 North Second Street, corner of Quarry.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—Godey is truly the Lady's friend, and if no previous effort of his had entitled him to the appellation, the November No. of his book, would mark him as such. The two contrasting engravings "Evil, and Good Counsel," are exquisitely beautiful, both in conception and execution, and there are a thousand other things as charming in this rich number. We think the Lady's Book first and fairest in the list of periodicals. Address L. A. Godey, 113 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Price $3 a year.—*West Chester Herald, N. Y.* 1t

WM. DAILY & SON,
Importers and Dealers in
ENGLISH, FRENCH & SWISS WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER-WARE, PLATED-WARE, AND FANCY ARTICLES.
Are constantly receiving the latest styles of the above Goods, which are offered at wholesale or retail, at
No. 216 Market Street, above Sixth, near Decatur Street, Philadelphia.
ESTABLISHED IN 1814.
All Goods warranted to be what they are sold for.
nov15-1y

TO THE SICK AND AFFLICTED.
STILL ANOTHER
REMARKABLE CURE of CONSUMPTION,
AND ITS DANGEROUS ATTENDANTS,
AFTER HAVING BEEN GIVEN UP TO DIE BY PHYSICIANS AND FRIENDS.
THE ANNALS OF HISTORY
CANNOT FURNISH A PARALLEL.
☞ It should be extensively known throughout the world, for there are thousands laboring under similar diseases, which will prove fatal unless arrested by the powerful agency of
DR. SWAYNE'S
COMPOUND SYRUP of WILD CHERRY.
*READ AND BE CONVINCED.*
POINT OF ROCKS, FREDERICK COUNTY, MD., June 9, 1851.
DR. SWAYNE: Dear Sir—Believing it a duty I owe to the public, and in justice to you, I have thought proper to make known one of the most extraordinary cures, in my own case, that have ever been truly recorded. In the month of October last, I was afflicted with a severe gathering in my breast, which formed a large abscess, and also communicated to my lungs and very much afflicted them, and discharged large quantities of corruption, external and internal, that is, large quantities passed through my lungs, which I threw up. My breath could also pass through my lungs and out through the cavity of my breast with apparent ease, attended with a violent cough day and night, loss of appetite, and extreme debility, so that my physicians thought my case extremely hopeless and beyond the power of medicine. I remained in this wretched condition for a long time, until I was wasted to a mere skeleton, and there seemed to be no hope for me, but, having read in the public papers of the many wonderful cures performed by your COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY, I immediately sent to Baltimore for five bottles and commenced its use, and, to my great satisfaction and that of my anxious family, the abscess or opening in my lungs began to heal, and the cough subsided, and on using ten bottles I was restored to perfect health. I feel very grateful, and firmly believe that in your medicine, under the blessings of Divine Providence, I am indebted for this great change, and am happy to say that I am now enjoying as good health as I ever have.
Yours, very respectfully, THOMAS DIXON.
The subscriber is well acquainted with Thomas Dixon, and can testify that he has been afflicted as above represented. I regard his recovery as almost a miracle. He is a worthy member of society.
JAMES R. DURBOROW,
*Pastor of the Berlin Circuit, Baltimore Conference.*
**Look well to the Marks of the Genuine.**
Remember no preparation of Wild Cherry is genuine except the original article as prepared by Doctor SWAYNE. See that his *Portrait* is on the wrapper around each bottle. Until you obtain this Compound, you will never know the real virtues of the Wild Cherry.
☞ DR. SWAYNE HAS REMOVED HIS LABORATORY for the manufacture and sale of his Family Medicines, to
NO. 4 NORTH SEVENTH STREET,
Above Market, Philadelphia,
where all orders for Agency, &c., must be directed.
☞ The above, together with his VERMIFUGE and SUGAR-COATED, SARSAPA. and TAR PILLS are for sale by Druggists and Dealers in Medicines generally.
AGENTS FOR DR. SWAYNE'S MEDICINES. J. F. HALL & Co., No. 1 Union, st., Boston; C. V. CLICKENER, 81 Barclay st., and HAVILAND KEESE & Co., 80 Maiden Lane, New York; CASEY & HATCH, corner Light and Lombard sts., and J. P. COOK, 76 Baltimore st., Baltimore; E. B. HINMAN, Cincinnati; OGDEN & SNOWDEN, and E. FENDRICK, Pittsburg; CHARLES & BLOW, St. Louis; LAIDLO & SONS, Columbus; H. DUVAL, Richmond, Va.; DR. P. M. COHEN & Co., Charleston, S. C.; HU. KENNEDY and SICKLES & Co., New Orleans; J. TUCKER and DUNCAN & Co., Mobile; LAFONT & BLANCHARD, Thibodeux, La.; S. COLTART, Huntsville, Ala.; J. S. MORRIS & Co., Louisville, Ky.; G. & J. G. HILL, Detroit, Mich.; W. & J. R. BERRY, Nashville; DR. WM. R. WOOD, Maysville; DR. CRUTCHER, Frankfort, Ky.; EVANS & BRO., Wilmington, N. C.; R. FARNHAM, Washington, D. C.; KING & TOY, Norfolk, and by Druggists and all dealers in medicines everywhere. sep20-eow6t*

HOE'S CAST STEEL CIRCULAR AND LONG SAWS.
THE SUBSCRIBERS manufacture from the best cast steel, CIRCULAR SAWS, from two to five feet diameter. These Saws are carefully hardened and tempered, and are ground and finished by machinery designed expressly for the purpose, and are therefore much superior in truth and uniformity of surface to those ground in the usual manner. They require less set, less power to drive them, and are not so liable to become heated, and produce a saving in timber.
They also manufacture Cast Steel MILL, PITT and CROSS CUT SAWS and BILLET WEBS, of superior quality, all of which they have for sale at their ware rooms, Nos. 29 and 31 Gold street, or they may be obtained of the principal hardware merchants in the United States.
R. HOE & CO.,
Printing Press, Machine and Saw Makers,
29 and 31 Gold street, N. York.
The following extract is from a report made by a committee of scientific and practical gentlemen, appointed by the American Institute:
"Your committee are of unanimous opinion, that in the apparatus invented by Mr. R. M. Hoe, for grinding saws, he has displayed great ingenuity and tact in the adaptation of machinery to the production of results in the manufacture of Saws, which may with propriety be denominated the *ne plus ultra* of the art." aug2-6m
Publishers of Newspapers who will insert this advertisement three times with this note, and forward us a paper containing the same, will be paid in printing materials, by purchasing four times the amount of their bill, for the advertisement.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.
The subscriber would invite the special attention of the public to his extensive assortment of goods in the above line, which he is prepared to sell at lower rates than heretofore offered. The stock is varied and handsome. Consisting in part of
WATCHES,

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| Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, Hunting Cases, 18 carats, heavy and good from | $60 to 120 |
| " " 18 carat cases from | 30 to 120 |
| Silver " | 15 to 30 |
| Lepine | 10 to 15 |

And others at lower rates than the above.
JEWELRY,
Gold Chains of every pattern and variety.
Medalions, double and single glasses, a very handsome article suitable for Daguerreotypes.
Necklaces, Bracelets, Pins and Rings, Garnets, Topaz, &c., Breast Pins of single and cluster stones, Rings of every variety and price. Ear-Rings do.
SILVER WARE.
This article especial care is taken to have the silver fine, and nothing is used for melting but half dollars, and the public may feel assured that they can get no better article nor at a lower price. Silver Tea Setts made to order.
Table, Desert and Teaspoons of all prices according to weight.
Table, Desert and Tea Forks.
Butter Knives, Sugar Tongs, Sugar Scoops, Fish Knives, &c. Soup and Oyster Ladles, &c., &c.
PLATED WARE.
A very superior article of plated Forks, Table and Desert and Table and Teaspoons, Cake Baskets, Castors, Candlesticks, &c.
BRITTANIA WARE.
Beautiful Pattern Tea Setts at low prices. Also Urns and Water Kettles, Castor cut Bottles, very handsome, &c., all of which will be warranted to be what they are represented, and at the very lowest rates, as the subscriber is determined not to be undersold by any house in the country.
S. M. HOPPER,
No. 66 Chesnut Street, between Second and Third, (south side,) Phila.
my 31y

MORSE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF YELLOW DOCK ROOT.—We feel prompted by every principle of humanity, to make known to the world, the WONDERFUL EFFICACY OF THIS EXTRAORDINARY PREPARATION. Thousands have been relieved of a great amount of suffering, and many lives saved by the use of it. It is acknowledged by the best judges of medicine, to be the most elegant scientific and salutary preparation now in use, and as a
*DEPURATIVE REMEDY*
seldom if ever equalled. It stands unrivalled for the cure of Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Canker, Scrofula and all the various diseases arising from an
*IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD.*
ALSO ALL
*BILIOUS COMPLAINTS,*
and is used with unprecedented success in all cases of FEMALE WEAKNESS AND GENERAL DEBILITY. Strengthening the weakened body, giving tone to the various organs, and invigorating the entire system, and also for the cure of the
LIVER COMPLAINT, CATARRH, DYSPEPSIA, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, COUGHS, ETC.
Those affected with Chronic Diseases of whatever form, will find this medicine not only pleasant to the taste, but a certain cure, if it be within the power of remedial agents to affect their disease.
It is composed of medicines so happily combined, as to tend directly to give tone to the stomach and bowels, excite to healthy action the Liver and the whole Glandular System, allay Nervous Irritability, and promote the free action of the Lungs, thus rendering it applicable to all diseases of a
*CHRONIC NATURE.*
It is purely vegetable, and may be used in all climates, and at all seasons of the year.
Prepared only by C. MORSE & CO., at 162 Fountain Street, Providence, R. I., and sold by thousands all over the United States, Canada, &c.
General Agent—T. W. DYOTT & Sons, 132 North Second Street, Sole Agents for Philadelphia, and General Wholesale Agents for the United States.
feb 1-1y

I. O. O. F.
MASONIC AND ODD-FELLOWS REGALIA
FOR LODGES AND ENCAMPMENTS.
PREMIUM
Awarded to
J. W. & E. D. STOKES
J. W. & E. D. STOKES,
*Merchant Tailors and Wholesale Dealers in Clothing. Manufacturers of Regalia, Robes, Costumes, &c., &c.,*
*No. 194 Market Street below Sixth Street,*
would call the attention of those purchasing Regalia to their assortment, which is large, well selected and cheap; comprising a great variety of styles and qualities adapted to every degree and position in the Order. jan1-1y

# PROSPECTUS FOR 1852.

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## THE LEADING LITERARY WEEKLY OF THE UNION.

The proprietors of the POST think it unnecessary to dwell upon the distinguishing features of their well known weekly, whose brilliant success during an existence of THIRTY YEARS is a sure guarantee for the future. We have the pleasure of announcing our continued connection with that distinguished authoress,

MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "THE DESERTED WIFE," "SHANNONDALE," etc. During the coming year, we have already made arrangements for the following novelets:—

### EOLINE; OR, MAGNOLIA VALE:

By MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, Author of "Linda," "Rena," etc.

### VIOLA; OR, ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTHWEST:

A COMPANION TO "PRAIRIE FLOWER." By EMERSON BENNETT, Author of "Prairie Flower," "The Bandits of the Osage," etc.

### TRIAL AND TRIUMPH:

By T. S. ARTHUR, Author of "The Iron Hand," "Temperance Tales," etc. And last, but not least,

### THE CURSE OF CLIFTON:

A TALE OF EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION. By MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, Author of "The Deserted Wife," etc., etc.

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# Selected Poetry.

## BENEDICITE.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM,
BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

God's love and peace be with thee, where
Soe'er this soft autumnal air
Lifts the dark tresses of thy hair.

Whether through city casements comes
Its kiss to thee, in crowded rooms,
Or out among the woodland blooms,

It freshens o'er thy thoughtful face,
Imparting, in its glad embrace,
Beauty to beauty, grace to grace.

Fair Nature's book together read,
The old wood paths that knew our tread,
The maple shadows overhead;

The hills we climbed, the river seen
By gleams along its deep ravine—
All keep thy memory fresh and green.

Where'er I look, where'er I stray,
Thy thought goes with me on my way,
And hence the prayer I breathe to-day!

O'er lapse of time and change of scene,
The weary waste which lies between
Thyself and me, my heart I lean.

Thou lack'st not Friendship's spell-word, nor
The half-unconscious power to draw
All hearts to thine by Love's sweet law.

With these good gifts of God is cast
Thy lot, and many a charm thou hast
To hold the blessed angels fast.

If, then, a fervent wish for thee
The gracious Heavens will heed from me,
What should, dear heart, its burden be?

The sighing of a shaken reed—
What can I more than meekly plead
The greatness of our common need?

God's love—unchanging, pure, and true—
The Paraclete white shining through,
His peace—the fall of Hermon's dew!

With such a prayer, on this sweet day,
As thou may'st hear and I may say,
I greet thee, dearest, far away!

*National Era.*

# Leaves from History

## REVOLUTIONS OF RUSSIA.

### THE ACCESSION OF NICHOLAS I., 1825

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS,
WITH OMISSIONS AND ADDITIONS,

BY MISS JANE STRICKLAND.

The death of the Emperor Alexander placed the inhabitants of his Empire in mourning; for the grief and loyalty of the lower classes were sincere, and their attachment to his person almost idolatrous in its character. The public feeling was increased by the prospect of the reign of an unpopular sovereign afflicted with mental malady, and devoid of courtesy.

As for the Grand-Duke Nicholas, no one thought of him, but the Russian people dreaded the accession of Constantine, whom they considered their sovereign in right of his primogeniture. In no country in the world has this natural law been so repeatedly broken. Every person in Russia was aware that the heir-presumptive had purchased his marriage with a Polish lady, the object of his ardent affections, by the resignation of his claims to the succession, but that he would abide by that act seemed a conjecture too improbable to be entertained by any one. Constantine was, nevertheless, sincere when he abandoned his rights, and he hastened to assure his next brother that he was so, by his youngest brother, the Grand Duke Michael, through whom he forwarded a letter, confirming his resignation of the throne, and acknowledging his next brother as his sovereign. The courier from St. Petersburg crossed the Grand-Duke Michael, and brought letters from Nicholas, acknowledging Constantine as his Emperor, and urging him to ascend the throne. The wife of Constantine joined her entreaties to those of the next heir, with rare devotion offered to resign her consort rather than that he should give up the Empire for her. Constantine, over whose mental agonies the soothing influence of the fair Pole possessed a magical power, continued firm in his resolution to remain in the condition of a subject, and he adhered to the determination he had expressed in the important document of which the Grand-Duke Michael was the bearer, and which is here subjoined:—

"MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,—

"I received yesterday, with feelings of profound sorrow, intelligence of the death of our adored sovereign, and my benefactor, the Emperor Alexander. In hastening to assure you of the painful feelings this misfortune has excited in my mind, I do only my duty in announcing to you that I have forwarded to Her Imperial Majesty, our august mother, a letter, in which I declare that, in consequence of the rescript I obtained from the late Emperor, bearing date February the 2nd, 1822, permitting my renunciation of the throne, it is now my unalterable determination to give up to you all my rights to the Empire of Russia. I entreated, at the same time, our beloved mother, to make this declaration public, that the same may be put into immediate execution. After this declaration, I regard it as a sacred duty to beseech your Imperial Majesty to receive the first from me, the oath of fidelity and submission, and permit me to say that I do not aspire to any other title or dignity than that of Czarowitz, with which my august father deigned to honor my services. My sole happiness, hereafter, will consist in giving your Imperial Majesty continual proofs of my unbounded devotion and respect for your person, of which thirty years of constant and zealous service to the Emperors, my father and brother, are the pledge, in which sentiments I wish to serve your Imperial Majesty, and your successors, until the end of my life, in my present situation and functions.

"I am, with the most profound respect,

"CONSTANTINE."

Upon the receipt of the despatches which followed this letter, the Grand-Duke, called to reign over a vast Empire, by the repeated abdication of his brother of the rights of primogeniture, no longer hesitated,—he published the former correspondence between the Emperor Alexander and the Grand-Duke Constantine, with the document already quoted, upon the 25th of December, 1825, and fixed the morrow for his recognition as their sovereign by his people.

The inhabitants of St. Petersburg, relieved from their dread of a second Paul, by the abdication of the heir-presumptive, began to reflect with hope upon the promise which the talents and pure moral character of their new sovereign afforded them. The handsomest and bravest man in his dominions, his fine person attracted attention, while his reserved manners excited awe. His grave carriage, his downcast look; only raised to penetrate to the soul the man who ventured to observe him, with a glance which compelled him to know and reverence his master—his haughty manner of interrogation, so unlike the suavity of Alexander, or the bluntness of Constantine, had isolated him from the rest of the imperial family, and centred him in the bosom of his own domestic circle. The Russian people, feeling their need of a guide, at once comprehended that the cold dignity of this prince concealed an indomitable will, and that, if they themselves had not chosen their new sovereign, God had considered their need, and given to the Russians, who were at once too polished and too barbarous, a man who would grasp the sceptre in an iron hand covered with a velvet glove.

The morrow, though considered as a day of joy and festivity, was preceded by some rumors that, like the breath of an approaching tempest, gave warning that some great national crisis was at hand. It was whispered in the evening of the 25th, that the abdication of the Czarowitz was a forgery, and that Constantine, then exercising the authority of Viceroy of Poland, was on full march for St. Petersburg with an army to claim the Empire as his birthright. In addition to this startling rumor, it was said that several regiments, and among them that of Moscow, had determined to take the oath to no Russian prince but Constantine; and the words,—"Let Nicholas live, but let Constantine reign," were heard at intervals in the streets, as an intimation of the state of the military police.

In fact, the conspiracy which had disturbed the last days of the Emperor Alexander was about to raise its head, and seize upon the Grand-Duke Constantine's name as its rallying point. This prince, who had passed his life with the army, was beloved by the soldiers, and the conspirators, who understood little of the character of their new sovereign, supposed the revolt of the regiments stationed in St. Petersburg would compel him to resign his recently acquired rights. They would then summon Constantine to receive the Empire, and with it the Constitution they had prepared. If he refused to accept it, they intended to imprison him and the rest of the imperial family. They would then establish a Republic, an oligarchy in which the despotism of the many would replace the despotism of one. Such was the design of a party composed of military aristocrats, who, bolder than the murderers of Paul, dared, by open force and secret fraud, to contest the throne of Russia with its new sovereign. The soldiers, devoted to Constantine, they designed to make their blind instruments in a conspiracy of which that prince was not the real object, but their own aggrandisement.

Faithful to their plans, the Prince Stch—— and the two B—— went to the barracks of the 2nd, 3rd, 5th, and 6th companies of the Regiment of Moscow, whom they knew to be devoted to Constantine. The prince then informed them that they were deceived respecting the abdication of the Czarowitz, and pointed out Alexander B—— to their attention, whom he affirmed had been sent from Warsaw to warn them against taking the oath to the Grand-Duke Nicholas. The address of Alexander B——, confirming this astounding communication, excited a great sensation among the troops, of which the prince took advantage by ordering them to load and prepare. At that instant the Aide-de-Camp Verighiny and Major General Fredericks, who commanded the grenadiers, having the charge of the flag, came to invite the officers to visit the colonel of the regiment. Prince Stch——, who believed the favorable moment was come, ordered the soldiers to repulse the grenadiers with coup-de-crosse, and to take away their flag, at the same time throwing himself upon Major General Fredericks, whom B——, on the other side, menaced with a pistol, with the stock of which he felled him to the earth; then, turning upon Major Shenshin, commander of the brigade, who ran to the assistance of his colleague, he knocked him down in a moment, and flinging himself among the grenadiers, successively wounded Grenadier Krasoffski, Colonel Khvostschinski, and Subaltern Mousieff; and cutting his way to the flag, seized and elevated it with a loud and triumphant hurrah. To that cry, and to the sight of the blood so boldly shed to win the flag, the greater part of the regiment replied, "Long live Constantine! down with Nicholas!" Prince Stch——, followed by four hundred men whom he had seduced from their duty, then marched, with drums beating, to the Admiralty quarter.

At the gate of the Winter Palace, the aide-de-camp, the bearer of the news of the revolt, encountered another officer, who brought tidings from the barracks of the grenadier corps of equally alarming import. When that regiment were preparing to take the oath of fidelity to the Emperor Nicholas, the sub-Lieutenant Kojeulkoff threw himself before the advanced guard, exclaiming, "It is not the Grand Duke Nicholas we ought to make oath, but to the Emperor Constantine." He was told that the Czarowitz had abdicated in his next brother's favor. "It is false," was his reply; "totally false; he is on the march for St. Petersburg to reward the faithful and punish the guilty."

The regiment, notwithstanding these outcries, continued its march, took the oath of allegiance to the new sovereign, and returned into quarters, without showing any disposition resembling revolt. At dinner-time Lieutenant Sutkoff, who had taken the pledge of obedience with the rest, entered at that moment, and addressed himself to his own company in a manner calculated to excite their attention; "My friends, we were wrong to obey the order; the other regiments are in open revolt; they have refused to take the oath, and are at this moment in the Place of the Senate;—put on your uniforms, arm, come on, and follow me; I have your pay in my pocket, which I am ready to distribute without waiting for the ceremony of an order."

"But is what you say quite true?" cried many voices.

"Stay, here is Lieutenant Panoff—like myself, one of your best friends—ask him."

"My friends," remarked Panoff, anticipating their question, "you all know that Constantine is your only lawful Emperor, and that they wish to dethrone him."

"Live, Constantine!" replied the soldiers.

"Live, Nicholas!" exclaimed Colonel Sturler, the commander of the regiment, throwing himself courageously into the hall. "They are deceiving you, my friends; the Czarowitz has abdicated, and you have now no other Emperor than the Grand-Duke Nicholas. Live, Nicholas!"

"Live, Constantine!" responded the soldiers.

"You are mistaken, soldiers; you are about to take a fatal step; you are deceived," again shouted the Colonel.

"Comrades, do not abandon me; follow me," cried Panoff; "let those who are for Constantine, unite with me in the cry, 'Long live Constantine.'"

More than three parts of those present joined in the cry of "Long live Constantine!"

"To the Admiralty! to the Admiralty!" said Panoff, drawing his sword; "follow me, soldiers, follow me."

With a wild hurrah, two hundred soldiers followed their leader to the place he indicated, whither, though by a different route, the insurgent portion of the regiment of Moscow had already preceded them.

Miloradowich, the Military Governor of St. Petersburg, a cavalry general, whose splendid charges on the field had gained him the appellation of the Russian Murat, was by this time at the palace, to communicate to his new sovereign the dispositions he had made for the defence of his throne and the capital. He had directed the troops upon whose fidelity he thought he could rely, to march to the Winter Palace. The first battalion of the regiment Preobrajenskki, three regiments of the guard Paulowski, and the battalion of the Sappers and Miners, were those he considered fit for this important service.

The Emperor saw then that the mutiny was more general than he anticipated; he therefore sent by Major General Neidhart, to carry orders to the Semenowski Guard to repress the mutineers, and to the Horse-Guards, to hold themselves in readiness to mount. He went down himself to the corps of chief guards of the Winter Palace, where the regiment of Finland Guards were at that time on duty, and ordered them to load their muskets and invest the principal avenues of the palace. At that very moment, tumultuous sounds interrupted the voice of the Sovereign, occasioned by the approach of the third and sixth companies of the Regiment of Moscow, headed by Prince Stch——, and the two B——, with the captured flag proudly displayed to the wind, and drums beating, to the ominous cry of "Long live Constantine! Down with Nicholas!" The rebel troops debouched on the Admiralty Square, but whether they thought themselves not sufficiently strong, or that they dreaded facing Majesty with these treasonable demonstrations, they did not march upon the Winter Palace, but took up their position against the Senate, where they were immediately joined by the grenadier corps, and sixty men in frocks with pistols in their hands, who mingled themselves among the rebel soldiers.

The Emperor at this crisis appeared from under one of the arches of the palace, approached the grating, and threw a rapid glance on his revolted subjects. He was paler than usual, but was composed and calm. It was whispered that he had resolved to die as became a Christian Emperor, and that he had confessed and received the absolution of the Church, before he took leave of his family. Every eye was fixed upon him, when the hard gallop of a squadron of cuirassiers was heard on the side of the marble palace; it was the Horse Guards, headed by Count Orloff, one of the bravest and most faithful friends of the Emperor. Before him the gates expanded; he leaped from his charger, while the regiment ranged itself before the palace. The roll of the drums announced instantly the approach of the grenadiers of Preobrajenski, which arrived in battalions. They entered the court of the palace, where they found the Emperor with the Empress, and their eldest son, the little Grand Duke Alexander; behind them were ranged the Chevalier Guard, who formed an angle with the cuirassiers, leaving between them an open space, which was quickly filled up by the artillery. The revolted regiments regarded these military dispositions with apparent carelessness, while their cries of "Long live Constantine!" "Down with Nicholas!" evidently proved that they expected, and waited there for reinforcements.

While affairs where in this state at the palace, the Grand-Duke Michael, at the barracks, was opposing his personal influence to the flood-tide of rebellion. Some happy results had followed these attempts, and the bold resolution taken by Count Lieven, Captain of the sixth company of the Regiment of Moscow, who arrived in time to shut the gates against the battalion, then about to join their rebel comrades. Placing himself before the soldiers, he drew his sword, and swore on his honor to pass the weapon through the body of the first man who should make a seditious movement to re-open them. At this threat a young Sub-Lieutenant advanced, pistol in hand, towards Count Lieven, with the evident intention of blowing out his brains. The Count, with admirable presence of mind, struck the officer a blow with the pommel of his sword, which made the instrument leap from his hand; the Lieutenant took up the pistol and once more took aim at the Count. The young nobleman crossed his arms, and confronted the mutinous officer, while the regiment, mute and motionless, looked on like the seconds of this singular duel. The Lieutenant drew back a few steps, followed by the heroic Count, who offered him his unarmed breast as in defiance of his attempt. The Lieutenant fired, but the ball took no effect: that it did not strike that generous breast, appeared miraculous. Some one knocked at the door.

"Who is there?" asked many voices.

"His Imperial Highness the Grand-Duke Michael;" replied those without.

Some instants of profound silence followed this announcement. Count Lieven availed himself of the general stupefaction to open the door, no person attempting to prevent that action.

The Grand-Duke entered on horseback, followed by the officers of ordnance.

"What means this inaction at a moment of danger?" asked the Grand-Duke. "Am I among traitors or loyal soldiers?"

"You are in the midst of the most faithful of your regiments," replied the Count, "of which your Imperial Highness shall have immediate proof." Then raising his drawn sword, he cried, "Long live the Emperor Nicholas!"

"Long live the Emperor Nicholas!" shouted the soldiers with one voice.

The young sub-Lieutenant attempted to speak, but Count Lieven stopped him by touching his arm.

"Silence, sir; I shall not mention what has passed; and you will ruin yourself by the utterance of a syllable."

His magnanimity saved and convinced the disloyal officer.

"Lieven, I confide to you the conduct of this regiment," remarked the Grand-Duke, emphatically.

"I will answer for its loyalty with my life, your Imperial Highness," replied the Count.

The Grand-Duke departed, and on his rounds, if he received no enthusiastic greeting, at least found what he sought, obedience to the authority of the Emperor Nicholas.

Reinforcements came in on every side; the Sappers and Miners drew up in order of battle, before the palace of the Hermitage; the rest of the Regiment of Moscow, rescued from the stain of rebellion by the courage and address of Count Lieven, now proudly debouched by the Perspective of Newski. The sight of these troops gave a delusive hope to the revolted, who, believing them to be on their side, greeted them with loud cheers; but they were instantly undeceived, for the new-comers ranged themselves along the Hotel of the Tribunals, facing the palace, and with the Cuirassiers, Artillery, and Chevalier Guards, enclosed the revolted in a circle of steel.

A moment after, they heard the chant of the priests. It was the Patriarch, who came out of the church of Cason, followed by all his clergy, and preceded by the holy banners. He now commanded the revolted "in the name of Heaven, to return to their duty." The soldiers, for the first time perhaps in their lives, regarded with contempt the pictures which they had been accustomed from infancy to regard with superstitious veneration, and they desired the Patriarch "to let them alone, since if heavenly things belonged to the priestly jurisdiction, they could take care of those of earth." The Patriarch continued his injunctions to obedience, notwithstanding this discouraging rebuff, but the Emperor ordered him to desist and retire. Nicholas himself was resolved to make one effort to bring back these rebels to their duty.

Those who surrounded the Emperor wished to prevent him from risking his person, but he boldly replied, "It is my game that is playing, and it is but fair play on my part to set my life on the stake."

He ordered the gate to be opened, but scarcely had he been obeyed, before the Grand-Duke Michael approached him, and whispered in his ear that that part of the Regiment Preobrejenski by which he was then surrounded, had made common cause with the rebels, and that the Prince T——, their commander, whose absence he had remarked with astonishment, was at the head of the conspiracy. Nicholas remembered that four-and-twenty years before the same regiment had kept guard before the red palace, while its Colonel, Prince Talitzen, strangled the Emperor Paul, his father.

His situation was terrible, but he did not even change countenance; he only showed that he had formed a desperate resolution. In an instant he turned and gave his orders to one of his Generals, "Bring me hither the Grand-Duke."

The General returned with the young Prince: the Emperor raised the boy in his arms, and advancing to the grenadiers, said, "Soldiers, if I am killed, behold your sovereign. Open your ranks; I confide him to your loyalty."

A long, loud hurrah, a cry of enthusiasm that came from the very heart of those suspected soldiers, re-echoed to that of the Emperor, whose magnanimous confidence had won their admiration. The most guilty among them dropped their weapons and opened their arms to receive the heir of the Empire. The imperial pledge was placed with the colors in the midst of the regiment, a guarded and sacred asylum for honor and innocence.

The Emperor mounted his horse and went out of the gate, where he was met by his Generals, who implored him not to go any further, as the rebels openly avowed their intention of killing their sovereign, and their arms were loaded. The Emperor made a sign to them with his hand to leave him a free passage, and forbidding them to accompany him, spurred his horse and galloped forward till he arrived within pistol-shot. "Soldiers," cried he, "I am told that you wish to kill me. Is that true? if it is, here I am."

There was a pause, while the Emperor sat on horseback, remaining like an equestrian statue between the two bodies of troops. Twice the word fire was heard among the rebel ranks, and twice some feeling of respect to the dauntless courage of the sovereign restrained the execution of the order; but at the third command some muskets loaded with ball were discharged, which whistled past the Emperor without striking him, but wounded, at a hundred paces behind him, Colonel Velho and many soldiers.

At that moment the Grand-Duke Michael and Count Miloradowich galloped towards the Emperor, the Regiment of Cuirassiers and those of the Chevalier Guards made a forward movement—the Artillerymen were about to apply their matches to the cannon.

"Halt," cried the Emperor. All obeyed. "General," said he to Count Miloradowich, "go to these unfortunate men, and endeavor to bring them to their allegiance."

The Count and the Grand-Duke Michael rode forward, but the rebels received them with a shower of ball, accompanied by their war-cry, "Live, Constantine!"

"Soldiers," cried the Count, who was conspicuous alike by his fine martial figure and splendid uniform, covered with orders,—"Soldiers, behold this sabre," and he flourished above his head a magnificent Turkish one, the hilt of which was set with jewels, and advancing with it to the front ranks of the rebels, he continued,—"This sabre was given me by his Imperial Highness the Czarowitz, and on my honor, I will make oath upon its blade, that you have been deceived, that the Czarowitz has abdicated the Imperial crown, and that your real and legitimate sovereign is the Emperor Nicholas."

Cries of "Live, Constantine!" and the report of a pistol, were the replies given by the revolted to the address of the Count, whose action with the sword arm had left his side exposed to the enemy. He was seen to reel in the saddle. Another pistol was aimed at the Grand-Duke Michael, but the soldiers of the Marine, though included in the revolt, seized the arm of the assassin.

Count Orloff and the cuirassiers faced the fire of the musketry, and enveloped in their ranks the wounded Miloradowich, the Grand-Duke Michael, and the Emperor Nicholas, whom they carried off by force to the palace.

The Count, wounded to death, sat his horse with difficulty, and the moment he arrived at the palace fell into the arms of those who surrounded him.

The Emperor, notwithstanding the late unfortunate attempt, still wished to make one last endeavor to bring back the revolted, but while he was issuing orders to that effect, the Grand-Duke Michael seized the match: "Fire," cried he, "fire upon the assassins." At that moment four cannons opened upon the rebels, and paid with usury the deaths they had sent into the loyal ranks of the imperialists. Before the voice of the Emperor could stop the slaughter, a second discharge followed the first. The effect of these volleys within reach of pistol-shot was terrible. More than sixty men of the grenadier corps of the Regiment of Moscow and the Marine Guards fell; the rebel troops fled, some by the street Galernaia, some by the English quay or by the bridge Isaac, others across the frozen waters of the Neva, then a plain of ice, but all were hotly pursued by the Chevalier Guards at full gallop.

That evening Count Miloradowich, who was struggling with the agonies of death, expressed a wish to see the ball which had given him his mortal wound. The chirurgeon, who had successfully traced and extracted the ball, put it into his patient's hand. The expiring warrior carefully examined the missive, its weight, and form, and found it deficient in calibre. "I am satisfied," said he, "that ball was aimed by no soldier." Five minutes after these words, he breathed his last. He then paid the debt of nature, the only debt he ever paid in his life. Handsome, valiant, the finest horseman in the army, and the idol of his own soldiers, the Russian Murat lost his life by the hand of a Russian, but not of a Russian soldier. The rival of the *ci-devant* King of Naples, loved display in every shape; but the field of battle, at the head of his cavalry, was the theatre on which he best loved to exhibit his martial form, splendid horsemanship, and daring courage. The gaming-table found him as reckless of his fortune as the field of his life, and the bravest Cavalry General in the Russian service, was a ruined gamester, loaded with debts which his death acquitted by leaving him insolvent. In paying the debt of nature, Count Miloradowich surrendered his only personal possession.

The next day, at nine o'clock in the morning, while the population of his capital was yet uncertain whether the rebellion was effectually crushed, Nicholas, Emperor of Russia, gave his hand to the Empress to assist her into a droski which stood before the gates of the Winter Palace, and drove through the streets of St. Petersburg. He stopped before the barracks as if to offer his head boldly to the bullet or the steel of the assassin. The sight of his fine countenance, shadowed by the floating plumes of his military hat, far from exciting [illegible] demonstrations, awakened lively expressions of loyalty and devotion to his person, and cries of "Long live Nicholas!" greeted his fortunate audience. The Russian people knew and recognised in him, a brave man and great sovereign.

The trial of the chief conspirators took place under the shadow of night and secrecy; they were brought from all parts of the Empire to St. Petersburg. The sentence, but not the examination of the guilty, alone was made public; eighty persons were condemned to death, or life-long exile in Siberia. The most powerful, according to the custom of Russia, increased the population of Siberia; among these we find the name of Prince T——: his wife, with rare devotion, petitioned and obtained from the Emperor permission to accompany her husband to that dreary land of woe and crime. The decimation of the disloyal but seduced regiments was an act of severe military justice that astonished Europe, but secured the tranquillity of Russia. The son of the Emperor Paul, whose life and death had been the stake of the military contest of December, 1825, might be better excused than any other man for that tremendous sentence. He had been fired upon by his own soldiers, while unarmed, and confiding his person to their generosity; his brother and his plenipotentiary, Count Miloradowich, had been aimed at by assassins, and the Count had died of his wound.

A flash of magnanimity enlightened this cloud of severity. In the list of conspirators the Emperor remarked the name of Suwarrow, a name dear to Russia, and associated with her victories. He chose to examine this young man, the grandson of the great field-marshal, himself. His countenance and manner, unusually gentle, seemed to inspire confidence. The questions he asked this Lieutenant only required a simple affirmative or denial, and they were not of a nature to elicit a confession of guilt.

"Gentlemen, you see and hear," remarked the Emperor to his Council, "it is as I have told you, a Suwarrow cannot be a rebel," and he acquitted the prisoner, and gave him a Captain's commission, and sent him back to his regiment; but unfortunately for the conspirators, this Lieutenant was the only person who bore that favored name. All were not Suwarrows.

It was remarked that those who were executed uttered these words as their last legacy to posterity, "Live, Russia! Live, Liberty! our avengers are at hand!" Their war-cry of "Live, Constantine!" false to their hearts, was not repeated by lips which the presence of death had rendered then the echo of truth.

The funeral pomp of the widowed Empress Elizabeth, whose remains were brought for interment to St. Petersburg in this same month of December, turned the thoughts of its inhabitants from these scenes of civil strife and the executions that followed them, to a Princess, whom for twenty-four years they had regarded as a link between the human and angelic natures. The memory of those events seemed buried in that sepulchre, which the tears of a grateful people had consecrated to the remembrance of the consort of the deceased Emperor Alexander.—*Sharpe's London Magazine.*

# Wit and Humor.

## LAST HOURS OF A SINGLE GENTLEMAN.

This morning, November 11, at half-past 11 o'clock precisely, an unfortunate young man, Mr. Edward Pinckney, underwent the extreme penalty of infatuation, by expiating his attachment to Mary Ann Gale, in front of the altar railings of St. Mary's Church, Islington.

It will be in the recollection of all those friends of the parties who were at Jones's party at Brixton, two years ago, that Mr. Pinckney was there and then first introduced to Mary Gale, to whom he instantly began to direct particular attentions—dancing with her no less than six sets that evening, and handing her things at supper in the most devoted manner. From that period commenced the intimacy between them which terminated in this morning's catastrophe.

Poor Pinckney had barely attained his twenty-eighth year; but there is no reason to believe that but for reasons of a pecuniary nature, his single life would have come earlier to an untimely end. A change for the better, however, having occurred in his circumstances, the young lady's friends were induced to sanction his addresses, and thus became accessories to the course for which he has just suffered.

The unhappy man passed the last night of his bachelor existence in his solitary chamber. From half past eight to ten he was engaged in writing letters. Shortly after, his younger brother, Henry, knocked at the door, when the doomed youth told him to come in. On being asked when he meant to go to bed, he replied—"Not yet." The question was then put to him how he thought he should sleep? to which he answered, "I don't know." He then expressed his desire for a cigar and a glass of grog. His brother, who sat down and partook of the like refreshments, now demanded if he would take anything more that night. He said "nothing," in a firm voice. His affectionate brother then rose to take leave, when the devoted one considerately advised him to take care of himself.

Precisely at a quarter of a minute to seven the next morning, the victim of Cupid having been called, according to his desire, he rose and promptly dressed himself. He had the self-control to shave himself without the slightest injury; for not even a scratch upon his chin appeared after the operation. It would seem that he had devoted a longer time than usual at his toilet.

The wretched man was attired in a light blue dress coat, with frosted buttons, a white vest and nankeen trowsers, with patent leather boots,—he wore round his neck a variegated satin scarf, which partly concealed the Corrazzo of the bosom. In front of the scarf was inserted a breastpin of conspicuous dimensions.

Having descended the staircase with a quick step, he entered the apartment where his brother and a few friends awaited him. He then shook hands with all present; and on being asked how he slept, answered—"Very well;" and to the further demand as to the state of his mind, he said that he "felt happy."

One of the party hereupon suggested that it would be as well to take something before the melancholy ceremony was gone through, he exclaimed with some emphasis, "decidedly."—Breakfast was accordingly served, when he ate a French roll, a large round toast, two sausages, and three new laid eggs, which he washed down with three great breakfast cups of tea. In reply to an expression of astonishment on the part of persons present, he declared that he had never felt heartier in his life.

Having inquired the time, and ascertained that it was ten minutes to eleven, he remarked that it would soon be over. His brother then inquired if he could do anything for him: when he said he should like to have a glass of ale. Having drank this he appeared to be satisfied.

The fatal moment now approached, he devoted the remaining portion of his time to distributing among his friends those little articles he would no longer want. To one he gave his cigar case, to another his tobacco stopper, and he charged his brother Henry with his latch key, with instructions to deliver it after all was over, with due solemnity, to the landlady.

The clock at length struck eleven, and at the same moment he was informed that a cab was at the door. He merely said, "I am ready," and allowed himself to be conducted to the vehicle, into which he got with his brother, his friends following on behind in others.

Arrived at the tragical spot, a short, but anxious delay of some seconds took place; after which they were joined by the lady with her friends. Little was said on either side, but Miss Gale, with customary decorum, shed tears.—Pinckney endeavored to preserve decorum, but a slight twitching in his mouth and eyebrows proclaimed his inward agitation.

All necessary preliminaries having now been settled, and the prescribed melancholy formalities gone through, the usual question was put—"Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wife?" To which the rash youth replied in a distinct voice, "I will."

He then put the fatal ring on Miss Gale's finger, the hymenial noose was adjusted, and the poor fellow was launched into matrimony.—*London Punch.*

A GOOD REASON.—An Irish travelling merchant, alias a peddler, asked an itinerant poulterer the price of a pair of fowls.

"Six shillings, sir."

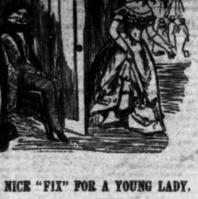
"In my counthry, my darling, you might buy them for sixpence a pace."

"Why didn't you remain in your own dear country, then?"

"Case, we have no sixpences, my jewel," said Pat.

TO DRESS A CALF'S HEAD.—Take your head and rub in a thick lather all over the face, then pare off with a sharp instrument. Wipe well with a clean towel, and place pieces of starched linen half way up the cheeks. Lard the crown with any kind of grease—a few drops of oil may be an improvement—and your calf's head will be dressed in the most approved style.

# Going to the Party.



## A NICE "FIX" FOR A YOUNG LADY.

BASHFUL YOUTH.—I never can go in, I can't, really.

HIS SWEET COUSIN.—Why, I've been hunting you this half hour. What *are* you afraid of.—They won't eat you. Oh, you are a pretty cousin to go to a party with. Dear, how stupid I shall look.

## ABOUT NAPKINS.

A few days since the Burnet Hotel folks found it necessary to procure another table servant. After searching in vain for an experienced waiter, they concluded to engage a genteel young Irishman, whose only fault was that he had never seen the interior of a dining-room in a fashionable hotel. His duty was laid down to him in plain words, and particular pains taken to instruct him in the part he was expected to perform. Patrick—for certainly that was his name—did so well. He was polite as a Parisian dancing master, and almost as swift in his movements as a locomotive. Everybody was pleased with him.

At length, however, a gentleman requested Pat to bring him a napkin. Now this was an article he had never met with in all his life, and to save his soul from purgatory he could not tell what the gentleman meant. His Irish blood forbade him displaying his ignorance, and what to do he could not tell. He wandered up and down the hall, closely observing the movements of his fellow-servants, but could hear or see nothing which came up to his notions of a napkin. Almost in despair, he came to the conclusion, as the best way of getting out of the dilemma, to tell a falsehood. Approaching the gentleman, (who had been already waited upon by another servant) he said—

"Faix, sir, an' will ye be plased to take suntin' else, *the napkins be all ate up!*"

"Napkins *ate up*—you are mistaken, surely."

"Pon the honor of a gintleman, I be not," replied Patrick in a polite whisper, "the gintleman all preferred them to the praties, and not a scrap be left for ye."

The gentleman now observed that Patrick was a strange servant, and immediately suspected the truth of the case. The story was soon passed round the table, and "Patrick and the Napkins," followed the wine, as it passed from friend to friend during dinner.—*Nashville Union.*

## SCRAPS FROM THE ALBANY DUTCHMAN.

TO CURE DEAFNESS.—Tell a man you're come to pay him money. It beats acoustic oil all hollow. Amateurs may practice by calling at the office of the Dutchman.

PROOF OF INSANITY.—One of our Courts decided the other day, that a man was insane, "because he paid money to a lawyer without taking a receipt."

☞ A friend of ours says he would always have remained single, but he couldn't afford it. What it cost him for "gals and ice cream," is more than he now pays to bring up a wife and eight children. Bachelors should think of this.

☞ A Western poet in speaking of the moon, says:—"She laid her cheek upon a cloud like beauty on a young man's bosom." Two to one he had been sitting up with a blue spencer, lately.

☞ Dobbs says that beauties generally die old maids. They set such a value on themselves that they don't find a purchaser till the market is closed.

A POLITICAL JOKE.—In a neighboring county, one of the political parties had, for over twenty years been in the habit of holding their county nominating conventions at the house of Mr. G——.

He happened on a recent occasion, for the first time, to be in when they had finished their business, and heard a little delegate from E—— move that "this convention do now adjourn *sine die.*"

"Sine die," said Mr. G——, to a person standing near, "where is that?"

"W'y—that's 'way up in the Northern part of the county," said his neighbor.

"Hold on, if you please, Mr. *Chairman*," said G——, with great enthusiasm and earnestness—"hold on, sir. I'd like to be heard on that question. I have kept a public house, now, for more'n twenty years. I'm a poor man. I've always belonged to the party, and never split my ticket in my life. This is the most central location in the county, and it's where we've *allers* held our caucuses. I've never had, or asked an office, and have worked night and day for the party, and now I think, sir, it's mean, it's contemptible, to go to adjourning this convention *way up to sine die.*"

FOUND HIM AT LAST.—Mrs. Jemima Jipson never could go to bed without first looking underneath to see if somebody was not stowed away there. But her search had always been bootless. At last, however, one night she spied, (or thought she did, which is all the same,) the long looked-for boots and legs.

"Oh! Mr. Jipson! Mr. Jipson!" she screamed out, "there's a man under the bed!"

"Is there?" coolly drawled her husband—"well, my dear, I am glad you have found him at last. You have been looking for him these twenty years."

☞ We remember of hearing of an old lady "Down East," who, after having kept a hired man on liver near a month, one day said to him: —"Mr. ——, I don't know as you like liver." "Oh, yes," said he, "I like it very well for fifty or sixty meals, but I don't think I should like it for a steady diet." The parsimonious old lady served up something else for the next collation.

SINGULAR EFFECT OF THE PRESSURE.—The extreme pressure in the money market has affected coin very materially. We notice that the pillars have been squeezed from the fourpences, ninepences, and quarters in this region. —*Boston Museum.*

# For Housekeepers.

ORANGE PUDDING.—Half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, five eggs, two table spoonsful of brandy, the rind of an orange. Lay the rind of an orange to soak over night. The next day boil it and mash it fine. It must be boiled in fresh water. Beat the butter and sugar as for cake. Whisk the eggs and add to it, then stir in the liquor and orange. Cover your pie plates with rich paste, fill them and bake in a moderate oven.

ALMOND PUDDING.—Half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, five eggs, six ounces of sweet almonds, two ounces of bitter almonds, half a gill of rose-water. Blanch the almonds, pound them in a mortar to a paste with a little rose-water. Stir the butter and sugar to a cream.—Whisk the eggs, mix all the ingredients together, line your pie plates with paste, fill them, and bake them as directed for other puddings.

COCOA-NUT PUDDING, NO. 1.—A quarter of a pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of cocoa-nut, three ounces of butter, the whites of six eggs, half a glass of wine and brandy mixed, one table spoonful of rose-water. Beat the butter and sugar smooth, whisk the eggs and add to it, then stir in the grated nut and liquor. Cover your pie plates with rich crust, fill them with the mixture, and bake in a moderate oven.

COCOA-NUT PUDDING, NO. 2.—Half a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, one pound of nut, eight eggs, the whites only, half a gill of wine and brandy mixed, one table spoonful of rose-water. Peel off the outer skin of the cocoa-nut, grate it and stir it into the butter and sugar, which must be beaten to a cream. Add the brandy, wine, and rose-water, then the whites of the eggs, which must be whisked till they are dry. Bake in a puff paste.—*National Cook Book.*

# Selected Articles.

## THE ONLY SON.

BY JUNIPER.

The only boy 'mid a dozen girls
Is always a very king—
Indulged and petted, his will is law,
And he rules in everything;
For no father and mother, with loving eyes,
Glance over each cherished one,
The smile of affection sweetest rests
On the darling only son.

Ah! woe to the innocent, hopless girls,
'Neath an only brother's sway;
He's always spoiling their funny plans
In the most provoking way;
He laughs as they search for their hidden toys,
And thinks it capital fun—
Ah! 'mid the mischievous race of boys,
There's none like the only son!

They must be content with the poorest things,
Without a word or sigh,
For he always claims the sweetest cakes,
And the largest piece of pie.
They must always bear with a patient grace
The mischief that he has done,
For an adept in roguery and pranksfulness
Is the petted only son.

He throws their playthings in the fire,
And laughs to see them burn;
He puts the cat in his father's boots,
And the dog in his mother's churn;
But his mischief is met by approving smiles,
When 'tis found by whom 'twas done,
For what would be blamed in another child
Is praised in the only son. *Carpet Bag.*

## WORDS ABOUT ART.

[The cant of criticism in relation to pictures by "Old Masters," and the custom of exalting the productions of dead masters over the works of equally, if not more deserving modern painters, is well hit off by the Florence correspondent of the National Intelligencer:]

The galleries of the Uffizi and of the Pitti Palace, did not produce the overwhelming effect which I thought they would. I saw in them a great many bad paintings, and some good ones, but none that filled my mind with that rapture which I had experienced in reading of them. My artist friend to whom I spoke of the disappointment, said that this was always the case with those who were not familiar with the beauties and mysteries of the art; that a better knowledge of the works of the great masters would change my views; that they require to be studied long, and the eye to become educated, before they can be appreciated; in short, that the mind of the beholder must be elevated to a certain standard before he can form any idea of them.

Now, I admit that it appears like presumption to disparage what the judgment of mankind for ages has pronounced good; yet, as I have not yet arrived at that exalted state of mind which they say is necessary for the appreciation of true art, I will give you candidly my impressions, not expecting, of course, that my poor judgment will do the least injury to any body. After a pretty careful study of the best works in all the galleries of Europe, I feel entirely convinced that a vast deal of nonsense has been written about the old masters, and that there is quite as much genius in the world now as there ever was, and a great deal more taste. It is not fashionable to say so, but one cannot help, it, if he thinks so, which is just the case with me. I think that there is a better and purer taste now than there was in old times; that artists of our day would be ashamed to make such monstrosities as are exhibited in the celebrated galleries as some of the choice gems of antiquity. Yet artists will not say so, because they are afraid it would be regarded as presumption. Connoisseurs will not say so, because it is always safer to adhere to the conservative side. Hence, if all the merits of every living artist were concentrated in one work, it would be pronounced inferior to something which had preceded it. Michael Angelo understood this principle in human nature thoroughly, when he mutilated a portion of his Bacchus and Fawn, made the work antique by burying it in the ground, and had the satisfaction when it was dug up, of hearing it praised by his most inveterate enemies, as one of the finest specimens of the antique. Many a famous work of art owes its celebrity to the same trick; and many an artist is great because he died some centuries ago. Take, as an instance, the Venus de Medicis, in the Uffizi gallery; consider it upon its intrinsic merits, and without reference to its historical interest. There are beauties in the figure which all must admit; yet the figure is not all. If Powers could be guilty of placing such a head upon any of his productions as that which disfigures this work, what would become of his reputation? He would be denounced as ignorant of the very rudiments of female beauty. Yet this head is considered in keeping with the form, and the face is pronounced by the critics to be the very perfection of beauty. Looking at it simply through the medium of nature, and without reference to the rules of art, it strikes me that it is much too small for the body; no such head, so far as my knowledge extends, was ever placed upon human shoulders, unless in a case of deformity. The features are puerile and destitute of character; there is no expression in the face either intellectual or voluptuous; nothing to awaken a single emotion in the heart of the beholder. Compared with the head and face of the Greek Slave, or of Psyche, by the same master-hand, it is absolutely insipid. What can be more admirable than the fine flowing hair and well-developed and expressive features of the Slave, or the full rich outlines of the Psyche? There is no unmeaning simper there; no poverty of genius; no attempt to make a style of beauty never designed by the Creator of all things beautiful; no lines drawn by a hand that feared to chisel out a nose, or a mouth, or a chin after the fashion of God's own works. The straight line from the top of the forehead to the point of the nose, so much admired by the ancients; the pointed jaws and insignificant chin, are without any parallel in nature. Titian's Venus, which every tourist considers himself under obligations to fall in love with, because poets have lavished their affections upon her, is not by any means the Venus described in the books. With all the fine coloring and voluptuous contour of form, there is nothing refined or poetical in the design, nothing to elevate the nude figure above the more animal woman. The position is indelicate, and not redeemed by the expression of the face, which to say the least of it, is that of a very common female of very common character. No person would ever mistake the original, supposing it to be taken from life, for anything but a vulgar woman, probably one of Titian's mistresses. There is a difference between love and lust, of which the old artists appear to have been entirely insensible.

Rubens gives such a preponderance of the *physique* to all his women, that one would suppose them to be intended for fat Dutch babies of two hundred weight. The Ohio fat girl is nothing to the buxom damsels that exhibit their unadorned charms in the works of Rubens. If they were well drawn babies, they would be less objectionable, but they are not good even in anatomy; and the outlines are all painted in red stripes, which, I suppose, constitutes the rich coloring for which that artist is so celebrated.

In some of the most famous works of other great artists, the skies bear a considerable resemblance to green and blue curtains, and the clouds to dark smoke; yet artists inform me there are great beauties, and show that the artist understood how to keep up the rich tone of a picture; that it is necessary to make skies strong to avoid the unpleasant contrast which would result from rich coloring in the fore-ground, and a sudden transition to lighter shades in the back-ground. "Besides," said a very intelligent artist to me the other day, "you cannot judge of a picture unless you thoroughly understand the principles of art. Would you not think it presumption if I were to go to a lawyer and tell him my opinion on a certain point of law was as good as his?"

This was a knock down argument—but is so much like nature? I don't know how it is, but after hearing many long dissertations on art, and a thousand reasons why artists know all about these things, and the uninitiated spectator nothing, I always turn with pleasure to the forms and skies that God makes, where I see no such glaring incongruities, no unsightly coloring, or hard-strained effects.

It was said of a celebrated artist that he was too great a painter to copy nature—that to copy nature is servile, and he was too great to be servile. Such a man must have been an uncommon genius. A mere daguerreotype copy may be objectionable; but, if it is meant that an artist should not aim to produce the effect which nature produces, then it would be better to set up an independent school altogether. The less a picture resembles nature the greater the artist would be, and every approximation would be a blemish.

## THE LOVE OF YOUTH AND OF AGE.

The attachment of young people is always looked upon with interest and sympathy. The coldest heart is touched with a thrill of pleasure at the sight of a youthful married pair, just entering the portal that opens upon the busy scene of life, its untried joys and cares. The animation of hope irradiates their countenances, the tenderness of love beams from their eyes in softened light; joyous anticipations surround them, as it were, with a luminous atmosphere. They see everything through the medium of their own radiant spirits, and all glows with joy and beauty and wonderful enchantment. Hand in hand they will wander through these vales of Paradise. Their feet will tread together on those flowery paths—songs and music and sweet odors shall fill the air as they go onward. Wrapt in this bright vision they linger on the threshold of the scene. We look at them and say, smiling, let the happy dream give them joy a little longer. Life's realities will dispel it all too soon. Let them gather the roses before they fade.

Happy heart of youth! bright dreams! gay hopes! Who so miserly as to look up from you the sympathies of his nature? Who forgets the dreams of his own youth-time?

But is there not also something beautiful in the love of the aged?

Fifty years, perhaps, may they look back to the time when they stood at the portal, and life's enchanted scenes were spread out before them. How many pleasant memories are theirs! What joys, what sorrows have they experienced together? How often together have they cherished into a new brightness the trembling flame of Hope just about to expire! How have they comforted each other under bereavement! How have they clung to each other in the storm, and cheered each other through the thick darkness! How, by a thousand acts of tenderness, have they ministered to each other's happiness! What self-renunciations have they known! What mutual sacrifices have they made! How have their spirits moulded themselves together in a beautiful oneness and harmony!

When they speak to each other, the voice assumes a deeper tenderness. When they look at each other, the eye has a more serene and placid light. Still do they seek to bear each other's burdens, to lighten each other's cares, to brighten each other's joys. They see not in each the gray hair, the furrowed brow, the wrinkled cheek, the faded eye! A halo of life and beauty is thrown around these by the magic of a life-love. A love that brightens and deepens as it approaches the confines of that world where it shall become immortal.

Is there not something beautiful in the love of the aged?

## BUILDING ON THE SAND.

FROM A LETTER FROM A MISSIONARY IN INDIA TO A YOUNG SISTER.

Can you tell me the meaning of the *last verse* of Christ's Sermon on the Mount? What does building on the sand mean? Read it over again and I will tell you.

In this country the rivers are mostly small streams, with beds nearly dry for eight months of the year, and then for four months during the *rainy season* they are formidable streams, rapid, deep and broad. This river running by Seroor, the *Ghord* River, is just such a one. *Now* it is shallow and about as wide as the Onion River, at Montpelier; but if a shower should come up, very heavy, and a great deal of rain fall, it will sometimes rise ten or twelve feet in a few hours, and then cannot be crossed, save by a boat.—Here is the *sand*—the dry bed of an Eastern river. Now the houses here are generally built of clay and unburnt brick. They are small, have no "up stairs," and are apt to wash down by the force of the rain. What a *fool*, then, a man would be to go and build such a house on the sand in the bed of the river! It would be washed away in a moment should the rains descend and *floods come*. Now the "floods come" here, whenever the rain falls, in a different way from what they do in Vermont. The river rises very suddenly, and sweeps away all that is in its course. Two years ago I went to Ahmednuggur for two days and returned at evening. I had not supposed there would be much water in the river. But a sudden shower had come up at 4 o'clock, P. M., not where I was, but at this place; and when I came to the river's bank at 9 o'clock, it was swollen very much, and the boat (ferry) was just going back for the last time.

During the dry season people raise a great many cucumbers, melons, &c., on the sand in the bed of the river; and they build their little shed from which to watch the fields, to see that the birds do not eat the fruit, and that it is not stolen. These little huts often stand after all the fruit is gathered and the field abandoned,—till the "floods come" and sweep them away. This is the "lodge in the garden of cucumbers."—Is. 1. 8. Two or three years since a sudden heavy shower came up, very unusually in the midst of the dry season, while the fruit was all growing on the river sand. The *floods came*, and the poor man's fruit, his watch-house and all, were swept away. When the water then again subsided, no trace of gardens could be seen.

Would not that man be *very foolish* who should go and build a house on such sands?—*Vermont Chronicle.*

A JUDGMENT SOMEWHAT SIMILAR TO SOLOMON'S.—Achmet Pacha saw, from a window of his palace at Acre, a soldier buy of an Arab woman a cent's worth of milk, and then refuse to pay the poor peasant after he had drunk her milk, protesting that she had not furnished it to him. The Pacha called the parties before him, and the soldier solemnly swore that he had not received the beverage. The Governor remarked that an oath was no certain proof; that his stomach must be opened, and if the milk was discovered, the woman must be paid; if there was no milk found upon him she must bear the expense of sewing him up again. It was at once done, the milk discovered and the woman paid.

# The Olio.

BAVARIAN WOMEN.—The women of Bavaria are celebrated for their innate kindness and goodness of heart. A young opera-singer of Munich, who travelled with me, having worn himself out by excess of joking and laughter during the day, became sleepy in the evening, and, not occupying a corner of the coach, found his head rather inconvenient. A Bavarian lady who sat next to him, protesting that she could never sleep in a coach, surrendered her place to him, and in a few minutes his head was recumbent on her shoulder, his arm round her waist, and he slept profoundly. When the coach stopped to change horses, I walked with my musical friend to view the ruins of a little Gothic church in the moonlight; and on asking him if he was acquainted with the lady on whose shoulder he had slept so well, he replied, "I have never seen her before, but we do these things for one another in Bavaria."—*Travels in Bavaria.*

HOSPITALITY OF ROGUES.—A French gentleman was lately walking in the Crystal Palace with an English friend, when the conversation turned upon the pickpockets of London; the former boasting that he did not fear them, but defied them. His companion determined to play a trick, and seizing a favorable moment, abstracted his handkerchief from his pocket. At the same moment the joker felt himself touched on the shoulder by a very elegant gentleman, who took him aside, and said, with a gracious smile:

"Sir, I see that you are one of us, permit me to offer you the first duties of hospitality, by returning to you your snuff-box, which I this moment made a seizure of."

The Englishman, slightly confused, but very well satisfied with the result, bowed, took his box, restored the handkerchief to his friend, and continued his route, with his hands in his pockets.

## THE HONEYMOON.

The moon, the moon, so silver and cold,
Her fickle temper has often been told,
Now shady, now bright and sunny;
But of all the lunar things that change,
The one that shifts most fickle and strange,
And takes the most eccentric range,
Is the moon, so called, of honey.
Yet this to the loving is a [illegible] sphere,
That makes earth's commonest scenes appear
All poetic, romantic, and tender;
Hanging with jewels a cabbage stump,
And investing a common post or a pump,
A currant bush, or a gooseberry clump,
With a halo of dreamlike splendor.

HOOD.

HOW MUCH WE CONSUME.—A correspondent has calculated what a man might consume on an average of twenty years, "taking ten years for infancy, which is too much." Yes, "far too much." Mamma's darling Jacky, as papa knows to his cost, is carnivorous long before the completion of his tenth year; but taking "ten years off for infancy," although "it is too much," and allowing a man "four pounds of fresh meat per week," the consumption at the close of three score and ten, amounts to 12,480 lbs., or 891⅜ stone; or to 156 sheep, of 80 lbs. each, or 20 bullocks of 44½ stone; or, to take it another way, to 78 sheep and ten bullocks, "with six stone over," which may stand for poultry, fish, &c. Say twenty of each in the year, or 1,200 poultry, and 1,200 fish. But if we take it in shrimps and shell-fish (and "all is fish" that comes to our correspondent's net,) heaven only knows what animal life is destroyed to keep up the life of that one animal—man.

WEIGHING TOBACCO SMOKE.—Sir Walter Raleigh's tobacco-box, and some of his pipes, was lately extant, and laid up among the rarities in the museum of that curious antiquarian, the late Mr. Ralph Thoresby, of Leeds, in Yorkshire. There are also some humorous stories still remembered concerning the first use of tobacco; particularly his wager with the Queen, that he would determine exactly the weight of the smoke that went off in a pipe of tobacco. This he did by weighing the ashes, and the Queen readily granted that what was wanting in prime weight, must have evaporated in smoke, and when she paid the wager, she said pleasantly, that she had heard of many labourers in the fire who had turned their gold into smoke, but Raleigh was the first to turn his smoke into gold.

FREE SPEECH.—N. P. Rogers wrote eloquently of free speech, and illustrated his ideas splendidly. Mark the following: "How different the wild note of the fife bird, in the top of a high pine, when the setting sun arouses her after a shower, from the chitter of the poor caged canary, in the pent-up street of the city. The scream of the eagle in the sky, or on the crag where he lives and has his home, how unlike his most base croak when they withhold his allowance in the cage that you may hear him make a noise. The roar of the lion—it is majestic and sublime in his native desert. Not so when he growls under the stir of the 'long pole' in the menagerie."

VOLTAIRE AND CATHERINE.—The Empress Catherine of Russia, once sent Voltaire a small ivory box turned by her own hands. The poet, upon receiving it, got his niece to instruct him in knitting stockings, and actually half-finished a pair of white silk, when he became completely tired. In this unfinished state he sent them to the Empress, with a poetic epistle, in which he told her most gallantly, that, as she had presented him with a piece of man's workmanship made by a woman, he thought it his duty, in return, to crave her acceptance of a piece of woman's work from the hand of a man.

# For the Young.

## LIGHTNING.

Q. If a person be *abroad* in a thunder storm, what place is the *safest*?

A. Any place about twenty or thirty feet from a tall tree, building, or stream of water.

Q. Why would it be safe to stand twenty or thirty feet from a tall tree, during a thunder storm?

A. Because the lightning would always choose the *tall tree* as a conductor; and we should not be sufficiently near the tree, for the lightning to diverge from *it* to *us*.

Q. If a person be in a *carriage* in a thunder storm, in what way can he travel most *safely*?

A. He should not lean *against* the carriage, but sit upright, without touching any of the four sides.

Q. Why should not a person lean *against* the carriage in a storm?

A. Because the electric fluid might run down the sides of the carriage; and (if a person were leaning against them) would make a choice of *him* for a conductor, and perhaps destroy life.

Q. If a person be in a *house* during a thunder storm, what place is *safest*?

A. Any room in the middle story. The centre of the room is the best; especially if you place yourself on a mattrass, bed, or hearth-rug.

Q. Why is the *middle story* of a house safest in a thunder storm?

A. Because the fluid (if it struck the house at all) would be diffused among the several conductors of the *upper* part of the house, before it reached the *middle* story; in consequence of which its force would be weakened.

Q. Why is the *middle* of a *room* more *safe* than any other part of it in a thunder storm?

A. Because the lightning (if it should strike the room at all,) would come down the *chimney* or *walls* of the room; and, therefore, the further distant from these, the better.

Q. Why is a *mattrass, bed, or hearth rug*, a good security against injury from lightning?

A. Because they are all *non-conductors*; and, as lightning always makes choice of the *best* conductors, it would not choose for its path such things as these.

Q. What is the *safest* thing a person can do to avoid injury from lightning?

A. He should draw his bedstead into the middle of his room, commit himself to the care of God, and go to bed; remembering that our Lord has said, "The very hairs of your head are all numbered."

No great danger need really to be apprehended from lightning, if you avoid taking your position near tall trees, spires, or other elevated objects.—From "*Familiar Science*," *edited by R. E. Peterson.*

# The Riddler.

## GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 26 letters.

My 1, 3, 15, 3, 9, 1, 3, 7, is a city in Venezuela.
My 2, 6, 20, 4, 25, is a county in Virginia.
My 3, 15, 14, 9, 18, 10, 9, 14, 22, is a county in Maine.
My 4, 17, 9, 20, 11, is a river in Europe.
My 5, 24, 20, 3, is a river in Asia.
My 6, 4, 19, 11, is a lake in North America.
My 7, 25, 4, 3, is a city in Greece.
My 8, 4, 3, 1, 9, 13, is a city in Russia.
My 9, 17, 19, 14, is a river in the United States.
My 10, 6, 17, 11, 4, 3, 20, is a city in Persia.
My 11, 3, 4, 5, 25, is a county in Georgia.
My 12, 6, 4, 24, 10, is a city in Turkey.
My 13, 19, 5, 20, 3, is a city in Russia.
My 14, 7, 3, 1, 3, is a city in Japan.
My 15, 9, 1, 17, 6, 7, 19, 6, 4, is a city in New York.
My 16, 4, 9, 25, is a city in New York.
My 17, 3, 15, 19, is a county in Kentucky.
My 18, 6, 7, 10, 17, is a city in Austria.
My 19, 20, 22, is a river in Europe.
My 20, 3, 23, 22, 18, 20, is a city in China.
My 21, 3, 20, 10, 9, 23, is a city in China.
My 22, 17, 9, 22, 3, 20, is a city in Tartary.
My 23, 6, 13, 9, 4, 5, 6, 3, 20, 12, is a city in Louisiana.
My 24, 3, 10, 9, 20, is a county in Michigan.
My 25, 9, 4, 22, is a county in Virginia.

My whole was an American General who served during the Revolution.

Pleasant Hill, Missouri. R. N. C.

## CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

One-fourth of a portion of time in the day,
The whole of an article useful though small,
One-seventh of what the wise men did pray
To his lot at least it never might fall.
One-fifth of what often we sigh for on earth,
One-twelfth of what often is found in the cot,
One-fifth of what greeted us first at our birth,
Whether born in the palace or reared in the cot.
One-fourth of what farmers to market oft bring,
One-third of a planet that shines in the sky,
One-fifth of what's grateful late in the Spring,
Together combined, will show to the eye
A something ne'er found to perfection on earth,
And which but in Heaven can have its true birth.

C——.

## PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

To find three whole numbers such that the sum of every two of them may be a square number, and also that their squares may be in arithmetical progression?

Iowa City, Iowa. F. N. W.

## CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a bonnet with a faded ribbon like a lamp burning dimly? Ans.—It wants new trimming.

☞ Why is a book like an indented apprentice? Ans.—It is bound.

☞ Why is a looking-glass frame often like sin? Ans.—It is often gilt (guilt).

☞ Why is a convict just sent to Botany Bay like a person overcome with joy? Ans.—He is transported.

## ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

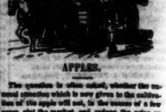
ENIGMA.—Eddystone Lighthouse.

REBUS.—Shadow.

PROBLEM.

Ans. 15,36 [illegible] acres. [illegible] respectively.

# Agricultural.



## APPLES.

The question is often asked, whether the unusual attention which is now given to the cultivation of the apple will not, in the course of a few years, glut the market, and reduce the price so low, as to make it a crop no longer profitable to the farmer? We do not believe there is any cause for fear on this ground, and will state a few of the reasons upon which we found our belief.

In travelling, recently, some three hundred miles in various sections of this State, and in New Hampshire, in an open carriage, where we had opportunity to see the country as we passed along, our attention was particularly turned to the orchards on our route, and to the manner of planting and managing them. In some cases the orchard had been started by digging small holes in the old, tough sward, and crowding in crooked trees apparently one or two years from the bud, and there they were left to come up as best they might, in the meantime affording the cattle an annual repast in Autumn by way of browse. How many of these lean and lonely trees will survive this treatment and come to maturity, is hardly problematical. It would be next to a miracle indeed, if they did any thing but droop and die.

In other orchards the proprietors had adopted a different mode. With visions of golden fruits in the dim distance, they began with a commendable zeal in the use of the plough; set their trees in somewhat of a straight jacket, in holes two or three feet in diameter, planted potatoes and hoed them, and bid God-speed to their future orchards. This course is pursued for two or three years when the ground is laid down for mowing or turned to pasture; weeds and grass then choke their roots, mice gnaw their bark, while mosses gather upon their trunks, and disease and death are apparent in every feature; the verdict of any honest man upon them would be—*death*, by imprisonment and starvation.

By a fair calculation, as we passed along, we came to the conclusion that this is the fate of about *one-half* of all the apple trees that are set throughout the country. But there are many other ways in which the trees are lost. In many localities the Borer is exceedingly destructive, not suspending its ravages when the tree has come to maturity. Thousands are annually ruined by trimming improperly, and at wrong seasons of the year. Cattle and horses always improve the opportunity to help themselves to fruit and break down the branches in browsing upon their extremities. Then there are numerous other casualties constantly befalling them, so that of the whole number annually set in New England, we believe it may safely be estimated that *three-fourths* of the whole amount never produce an apple!

With this thriftless practice all about us, no apprehensions need be entertained that the demand for apples will be any less than at present, for the next quarter of a century, at least. In another paper we shall speak further on the subject.—*New England Farmer.*

FLAX SEED AS FOOD.—Will you allow me to communicate to the readers of your valuable paper the result of my little experience in the use of flax-seed for feeding a saddle horse. I was induced, from reading Mr. Sproule's articles in the Gazette, on Flax, and Warner's Systems, &c., for farm horses, to try the experiment with my saddle horse, which has now been fed twelve weeks upon the following diet, and is in excellent condition, with a good coat, notwithstanding the severe weather to which it has been a good deal exposed; for being a surgeon, I am obliged to leave it standing at the doors of my patients continually:—

| | |
|---|---|
| 6 stone (of 20 lbs.) of wheat straw, at 6d., | 3s. 6d. |
| ½ stone good hay, at 13d., | 0 6½ |
| ½ score bran, | 0 6 |
| 7 lbs. ground linseed, at 3d., | 1 9 |

These are retail prices, and include straw for bedding, which, however, is economised by being put under the manger during the daytime.—Upon this my horse has, of course, done easy work; it has, however, only been four days in the stable, and has averaged eight miles a day for the last twelve weeks. I have also a drawback on the manure, which, at the price here, will, I think, reduce the cost of keeping to 6s. a week. I should state that my apparatus is neither extensive nor expensive. I boil in a five-quart pan a gallon of water, with a half-pound of good linseed and a little salt, a common butter firkin being filled with the chaff, (straw and hay) mixed with the proportion of bran; the boiling linseed is poured over it, and well mixed with a broomstick, more chaff being added as it settles after standing an hour or two; this is given at night, and a second supply (the operation being repeated with a little more chaff,) stands all night, and affords the animal as much as he can eat the whole of the next day; the salt increases the relish.—*The Plough, Loom and Anvil.*

SEASONABLE HINTS.—Rake up leaves from the woods as they fall, and put them in the compost heaps. Cart headlands to the manure shed. Have a good supply of materials, suitable for bedding, near the stables. Do not attempt to fatten more cattle than you can fully supply with food, or they will not afterwards flourish well, even if fully supplied. Young cattle cannot be brought up in flesh at an outlay which will pay if neglected early.

Skin old woods of the surface soil, and replace half its value as manure with lime and ashes in the woods, and both farm and woodland will gain by the exchange. Get all the night-soil you can, and mix it with headlands, &c., for the compost heaps. Wet compost heaps with salt lye from the soap boilers, if you can get it. Use half-a-bushel of refuse salt to every cord of compost, to prevent regermination of weeds, grubs, &c., &c. If you have not sufficient cellar room, make piles of your root crops, beets, turnips, carrots, &c., on high places, and cover with one inch of dry straw, and then with twelve inches of dry soil; leave small openings at the top for escape of air, and dig a trench around the heap, with a gutter leading off to a lower spot, thus keeping the pile dry. Do not forget that corn is more valuable when changed to fat than when found in the hog manure; and to secure the first condition, cook it before feeding to hogs, or your manure will be very rich at too high a cost. Mr. Ellsworth has satisfactorily proved that one pound of cooked corn will make more pork than two pounds fed in the raw state.—*Working Farmer.*

SHEEP POISONED BY PEACH LEAVES.—The poisonous quality of the leaves of the wild cherry has been long known, and cattle and sheep have frequently lost their lives by eating them. The substance which produces these effects, is supposed to be prussic acid. Peach leaves are known to contain this acid, and a writer in the Wood-Grower states that two sheep had died from eating freely of peach leaves.—Various remedies have been given for the relief of animals which have eaten poisonous substances. In regard to sheep and cattle, we have formerly experienced good success from giving as soon as the illness of the animal is discovered, sweet oil, lard, or butter, mixed with salt. For a sheep, a gill of oil, with a table-spoonful of fine salt, was the quantity given. A cow might have four times that quantity. It is very important the dose be given as soon as the symptoms of poisoning are manifest; the longer it is delayed, the less likely it will be to afford relief.

GROWTH OF WOOD.—The season of the year in which forests are cut off, is believed to have an influence on the succeeding growth. To give some test of this matter, the Plymouth County (Massachusetts) Agricultural Society, offered premiums, several years since, for experiments. A report was made last year, which sets forth the conclusion that—"the nearer the season of the ascending sap, [spring,] wood is cut, the more flourishing will be its succeeding growth." The person who received a premium for this experiment, states that he is "satisfied that the nearer the ground wood is cut, the better; the shoots will start and grow more thrifty, and are thicker and less liable to split down. By cutting wood often, you insure not only the greatest growth of wood but the greatest growth of money. Cattle should never be suffered to run on a wood-lot, while the trees are small."

TOBACCO IN WISCONSIN.—It appears that the attempt to grow tobacco in Wisconsin has been successful. The Watertown Chronicle says:—"The first experiments in Jefferson County at tobacco raising, have been made this season. In the towns of Milford, Waterloo, Aztalan, and Lake Mills, some twenty acres have been cultivated. In every instance, we learn, the most complete success has attended these experiments. It has been demonstrated past a peradventure, that our soil and climate are peculiarly well adapted to the growth of this plant. And what is still more gratifying, the crop pays well. These twenty acres, we are assured, will yield an average net profit of $60 per acre."